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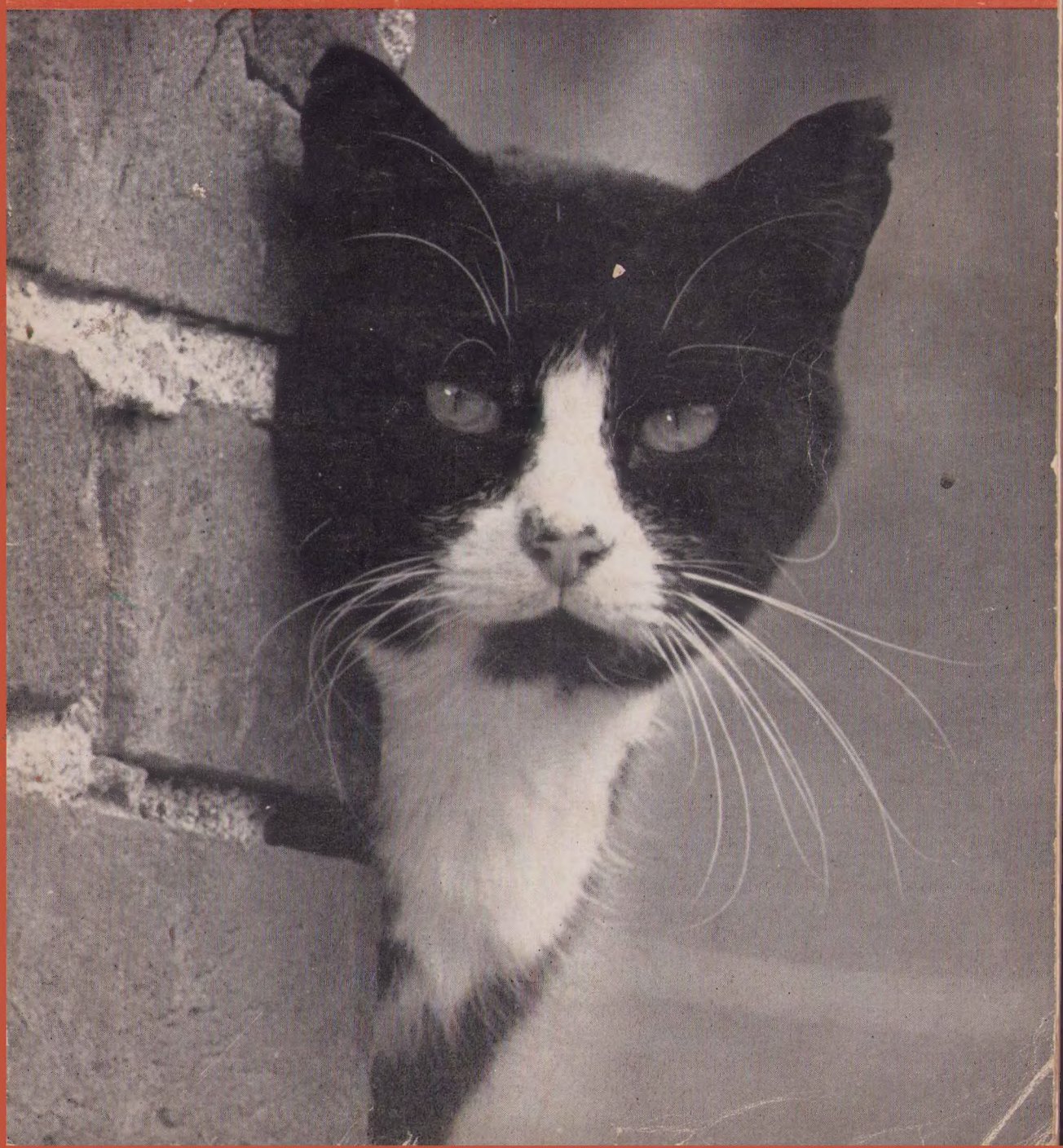

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LETTERS

A SECOND LOOK AT VINEGAR PLANTS: The article by Ralph Whitlock in the October issue of COUNTRY FAIR stirred up quite a controversy in my family as to the existence of such an improbable plant. Of course, one bought vinegar from the grocer, it is brewed; how can it be the product of some obscure plant?

However, on reflection we decided it was not so improbable. Had not my apple wine turned sour some weeks ago and grown a full set of green whiskers and when I tasted it—vinegar.

Here was the answer then, the conversion from wine or acetous fermentation to vinegar was obviously caused by the green mould.

As is the case with most forms of mould the spores or seeds are either already a component part of the liquid or are introduced naturally from the atmosphere.

The problem now was what caused the mould—where did it come from? Some research was necessary.

After wading laboriously through a large number of reference books both ancient and modern I happened on a partially disembowelled tome with no indication of publisher, compiler or date of publication. However from the condition of the book, the type set and somewhat flowery language I would estimate it to be nearly a hundred years or so old.

Apparently the Romans have a name for the vinegar plant or at least the mould which forms the essential ingredient namely PENICILLIUM GLAUCUM which is a fungus of the sub-order HYPHOMYCETES —so PENICILLIN is not such a new word after all.

The mould forms a tough web-like mass and under the microscope appears like branched and tangled threads. It is apparently found on decaying bodies and in fluids undergoing acetous fermentation.

The following recipe may be of interest to those still interested in the revival of the old rural arts of making, rather than buying.

Recipe:

6 pts. water; ½ lb. treacle (West Indian green); ¼ lb. sugar (any).

The sugar, treacle and water are brought to the boil and then simmered for one hour.

When cool pour into a wide-mouthed jar (a sweet jar would be suitable). The jar should then be covered with several layers of muslin and then left to stand in a warm place 65°–70° F for five to six weeks.

The liquid may be drawn off through a muslin or flannel filter. You should now have quite a passable vinegar with an acetic acid content of between 3–9 per cent.

The process of vinegar production now becomes simple, all that is required is a sugar solution 1 lb. to 1 gallon of water and a piece of the green crust placed in it—cover again and the answer is vinegar.

H. T. COUVELL
Wootton, I. W.

LOOKING FORWARD: In July 1954 you published a letter from me but now that you have enquired for comments, I feel I must write to you again!

There have been changes in the magazine—and it must now appeal to all ages. The photographs, as usual are superb. On a dreary winter day when I hear the plop of my copy through the letterbox I am really excited and happy about it—most undignified in a woman of 65!

I am interested in cookery, antiques and anything and everything pertaining to country life.

I was born in Edinburgh and came to London when I was married in 1927. I shall never forget the horror of a West London suburb—noise, bustle, buses and crowds. But one day my young husband took me to Richmond. From the top of a bus I saw something "homely" and said "Oh, there's a hen!" I nearly burst into tears.

Could I add my appreciation of the October issue. It really was outstandingly good. I sent my copy to Australia, but shall buy another for "keeps".

Now I look forward to more country recipes, country furniture, antiques for my very modest collection (my hobby is collecting jugs) and more of those wonderful photographs.

With every good wish for 1969 to you and your staff.

(Mrs.) Anne Simmons
Banstead, Surrey

Going to press several weeks before the day of issue, we sound rather late in expressing our own good wishes to all readers for the New Year. But here they are and it isn't quite New Year in this office as I write! Mrs. Simmons' special hobby interest has been passed to our contributor dealing with antiques. I trust that now she is in Surrey there are some hens to be seen! *Editor*

UNIQUE BARREL CELLAR: I was very interested in the article on Old Wine Cellars of London—particularly on the barrel cellar in No. 6 Idol Lane, E.C.3.

The City is full of interesting cellars and I suppose that only too soon they will all be filled in and no record kept.

Other great cities—for instance, Amsterdam—try to keep their ancient buildings and style—why couldn't we?

James Wheeler
*London, E.C.*1

We thought this reader would like to see a photograph of the actual cellar in Idol Lane that is threatened with demolition. It was completed in 1620 *and is—up to the moment of writing still used by the Directors of the company for meetings. Lighting is by candlelight. The lower layers of these cellars reach out to St. Mary at Hill.*

Editor

FLOWER PILGRIMAGES: I wonder how many of your readers make the same yearly pilgrimages to find their favourite wild flowers? I have a passion for the wild spring flowers and have now—over many years—my several "secret" places to which I go at about the same time each year.

Mrs. Mellish
Gloucester

WEATHER

February, fill dyke,
Be it black, or be it white.

OLD SAYING
(origin unknown)

SUN: *Rises Saturday 1st, 7.39 a.m.; sets 4.49 p.m. Rises Friday 28th, 6.48 a.m.; sets 5.38 p.m.*

MOON: *Full Moon, Sunday 2nd. Last Quarter, Monday 10th. New Moon, Sunday 16th. First Quarter, Monday 24th.*

All times are G.M.T.

Is February really a "fill-dyke" month? The answer is that it is usually drier than January; about the second or third driest of the year in most districts, but in parts of East Anglia it is the driest of all. Experts now believe that the term "fill-dyke" is an exhortation, not an epithet. For in olden days people believed that a black (wet) February or a white, snowy one was beneficial to crops.

What happened last year? Sunshine was nearly everywhere above average and rainfall (that is, total precipitation) below average. Nevertheless, there were some heavy falls of snow. The month ranked as quite a cold one, all districts of Britain recording mean monthly temperatures between 1 and 3 degrees F. below normal.

The first three days of the month gave north-westerly winds, which brought heavy thundery showers, including some snow showers. The next three days were, however, much colder, with snow in many areas. Blizzard conditions occurred in Scotland on the 4th, with 3-6 inches of level snowfall and wind gusts up to 75 m.p.h. On the 6th, a fall of 12-18 inches of snow stopped traffic in the Manchester and Birmingham areas.

On the 7th and 8th fog and frost occurred widely. Thereafter, until the 15th, the weather was mainly mixed, with wet and dry days intermixed.

The second half of the month was particularly dry, and in Scotland and in northern England sunshine amounts were generally very high. A period of easterly winds brought snow to the south-eastern districts of England on 21st-22nd, but from the 23rd onwards the weather was generally dry and sunny, with rising temperature levels.

Forecast for February 1969. The month will be mainly cold, and snowfall will be frequent in all areas during the opening week and between the second and third weeks. During the early part of the second week the weather will be mainly sunny but cold.

As during last year, the final part of the month is expected to be more settled than earlier, and this will produce some very good sunshine totals, particularly in southern and western districts.

Long-range forecast. There are signs that weather contrasts will be very great during March, with a warm spell occurring near mid-month. Early and late March are expected to be cold generally, with considerable snowfall in the North. By contrast, April should prove to be mild, but also rather wet.

Cold spell warnings. There are occasions when we can be fairly adequately forewarned of a cold spell: for example, an outbreak of strong north-westerly winds over Labrador will be followed, more often than not, by a cold spell over Britain some three weeks later. The building up of a large high pressure area over Greenland, or over the Arctic generally, will lead to a northerly airflow and heavy precipitation in these islands as well as a fall in the temperature level. The precipitation will take the form of snow over all high ground, particularly in the North and over all windward coasts.

Another time when we are given warning of cold weather to come is when a large high pressure area develops over the Eurasian Continent. Sooner or later this is bound to lead to a period of sustained easterly winds, with a period of snowfall.

Why late winter is cold. The greatest cold of the year generally occurs in February, for it is not until this time that the Russian "anticyclones" have reached their maximum intensity. These are the high pressure regions on the weather charts that bring us easterly winds, and snow is produced when the easterly currents clash with the moisture-laden winds that normally come to us from Atlantic "depressions"—or troughs of low pressure, as they are sometimes called.

WEATHERMAN

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W.B.

GOOD OLD DAYS
For varied requirements at a cheap rate, it would be hard to beat the following old-time advertisement. "Wanted for draper's house in the City, as a porter, an athletic man of a serious countenance, a good character and the Lady Huntingdon persuasion; must attend prayers twice a day and Divine Service four times on Sundays, be able to bear confinement, have the fear of God before his eyes and be able to carry two hundred-weight. Wages fourteen shillings a week and find himself."

S.G.B.

FOUND WANTING
"I grant you Parfitt is intelligent, honest, industrious and punctual," said the general manager to his assistant manager, "but, quite frankly, I doubt if he is ruthless and unscrupulous enough to be seriously considered for promotion."

R.W.B.

IDIOCY
A man phoned up the superintendent of the local asylum, and enquired if any of the inmates had escaped lately, because someone had run off with his wife.

W.H.

TOP MAN
Employer: "Smith, what's all this I hear about you praying for a rise—I don't like people going over my head." P.D.H.

STRIKING STORY
Ben, taking Miss Dyall out for the first time, heard a church clock chime the hour. He decided to tell her his family history.

After she had been told that his grandad was a poor but hard-working clock-maker, he added with a flourish: "When the old boy died he left his estate to dad. It consisted of three hundred clocks."

"How awfully thrilling," she cooed. "It must have taken a great deal of time winding up his estate."

A.W.

WARM AT LAST
Complaining about his wife to a friend a middle-aged businessman exclaimed, "Nag, nag. That's all she does. As soon as the cold weather sets in she starts. It's always the same story. 'Why don't you wear your long underpants? You're not as young as you were you know'. This morning I couldn't take any more and finally put them on." He paused reflectively then sheepishly confided. "And do you know what? It's the first time I've been warm for years."

J.H.

PRESENT TIME
Director to office boy who was always late in the mornings: "Jones, instead of making you a presentation of a gold watch when you retire, we have decided to present you with an alarm clock now."

W.E.

NOBODY
Why didn't the skeleton go to the dance? Because he had nobody to go with.

N.E.W.

THEATRE

MUCH ADO WITH R.S.C.

BY SIDNEY VAUNCEZ

WHEN Dick Whittington finishes cavorting across the ice in Tom Arnold's spectacular production at Wembley's Empire Pool, some half-a-million people will have paid to see it over the holiday season. A pretty staggering figure, but somehow everybody expects gargantuan results from outsize shows; what always seems surprising, however, is the way attendances tot up for "straight" theatrical performances like those staged by the Royal Shakespeare Company; they played to more than a million people in 1968.

The R.S.C. isn't resting on its laurels either, as the plans just announced for 1969 demonstrate. Joining the company for the first time are actor Warren Mitchell (Alf Garnett as ever was) and Sheila Hancock, who made her R.S.C. debut last month in Edward Albee's "A Delicate Balance", while back into the fold again comes Judi Dench (who was practically nurtured in this company) to "double" as Hermione and Perdita in Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale" opening at Stratford in May.

Warren Mitchell opens in Simon Gray's second stage play "Dutch Uncle" towards the end of March. He plays a suburban husband called Mr. Godboy; others in the cast are Patrick Magee and Frances de la Tour. Peter Hall directs, with John Bury doing the setting.

For his first full year as artistic director of the R.S.C., Trevor Nunn has outlined a tremendous programme. There are to be at least five new productions and a revival at Stratford, nine or more productions at the Aldwych, a visit to Japan—the first by any western company—and a new colour film of "King Lear" starring Paul Scofield, directed by Peter Brook and based on his 1962 London stage production.

The R.S.C.'s London season, which follows Peter Daubeny's occupation of the Aldwych with "World Theatre" from April to June, will run for the succeeding nine months. The four new productions in the repertoire will be: the first London presentation since 1929 of Sean O'Casey's "The Silver Tassie" opening in August; the British premiere in September of Robert Lowell's "Prometheus", an adaptation of Aeschylus's "Prometheus Bound" opening in October; and, at the end of the year, Buchner's "Danton's Death".

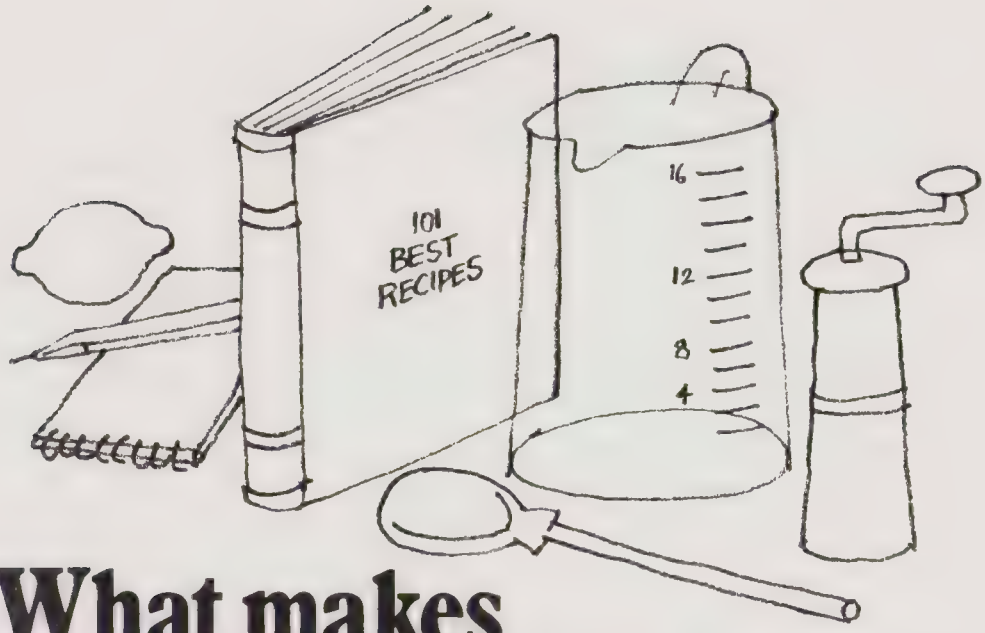
Stratford productions to be seen at the Aldwych are Trevor Nunn's 1968 production of "Much Ado About Nothing" and John Barton's 1968 production of "Troilus and Cressida" both opening in June, plus Nunn's 1966–67 production of Tourneur's "The Revenger's Tragedy" opening in November.

Sadler's Wells Opera start their spring tour this month on the 11th, opening at Newcastle Royal for three weeks. Between that time and the end of May, the company will be appearing at Birmingham Alexandra, Hull New, Blackpool Opera House, Bradford Alhambra, Norwich Royal, Wolverhampton Grand, Eastbourne Congress, Bournemouth Pavilion and Oxford New.

Another scoop for the enterprising management of the Bradford Alhambra is the booking of the Daghestan State Dance Company, one of Russia's top ensembles, which makes its first provincial appearance in Britain here on March 31st for a week. The Russians have been given a £6,000 guarantee, one of the biggest ever agreed in Bradford.

I have news of two new musicals: rehearsals are practically concluded for the £110,000 musical "Two Cities" based on the Charles Dickens novel "A Tale of Two Cities". Edward Woodward stars as the heroic, but unfortunate, Sydney Carton. The show is scheduled to open in the West End at the end of the month, but the first of the paid previews will be held on February 17th.

Not so advanced are plans for "The Piecefull Palace" a musical set in the old wild west. Rory Calhoun, who has appeared in over 70 film Westerns—together with Jerry Schafer—presents this piece in the West End early in May, following a provincial opening scheduled for April. The characters of this frontier musical include Calamity Jane, Jesse James, Billy the Kid and Killer Malone, and scenes include a running 32-shot gun fight, an old time saloon fist fight and a finale with the saloon burning to the ground.



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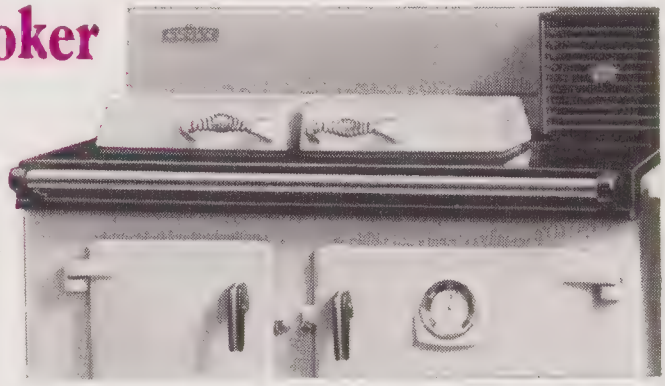

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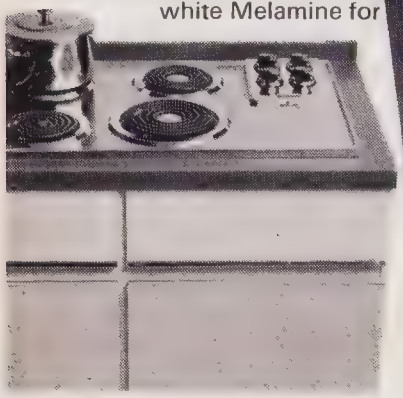
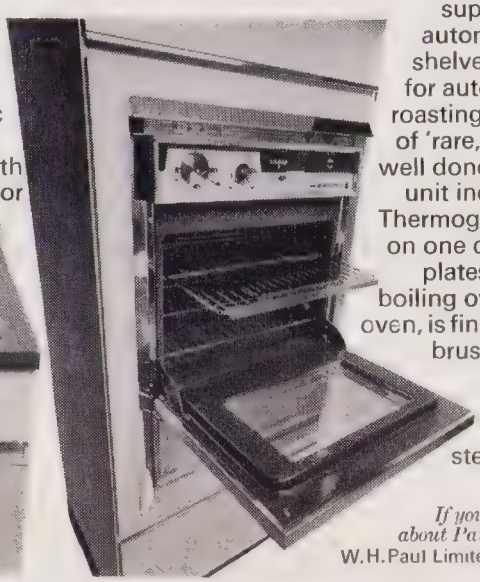
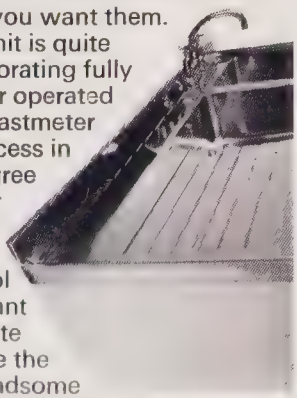




The oven unit is quite superb, incorporating fully automatic power operated shelves and a Roastmeter for automatic success in roasting to any degree of 'rare, medium or well done'. The hob unit incorporates Thermoguard control on one of its 4 radiant plates to eliminate boiling over and, like the oven, is finished in handsome brushed chrome. Paul Transatlantic units are also available in British aluminium, a robust material that withstands the prolonged effects of steam and condensation.



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FEBRUARY 1969 VOLUME 36 No. 2

TIME TO STAND AND STARE?

DURING the last twelve months I have been through a course of instruction on riding. This may on the face of it seem very foolish at my age when learning to manipulate a bath chair might seem more appropriate.

I have also acquired a bicycle and have accustomed my leg muscles to the particular movements required to maintain a smooth forward propulsion without being aware of undue strain. This may appear (at a time when money in billions is being spent to land a man on the moon) to be a retrograde step.

I am all for progress. I am glad to enjoy all the many benefits that the scientists have bestowed on us since the beginning of this present century, but stimulating as present day life may be, it is full of complexes. This is perhaps not to be wondered at, because we seem to be living more and more in a man-made world. And what a complex creature is man. We all may be cast in the same mould, but the variations in shape, thought and action are infinite. One has only to read a newspaper to be aware of the trials and troubles that man has brought upon himself.

Caught up in it all

We are living in a world where speed has become a god—in travel, communication, construction, and almost every aspect of our lives.

It is infectious and however much one would like to regulate the speed at which one lives, it is very difficult not to get caught and carried along in this hurricane-like world. I shall not deny its excitement but, eventually, there comes a time when one is so caught up in it all that all the thrills and excitement really count for nought, because one's whole attitude of mind is focused on establishing oneself as a factor that must demand attention in one

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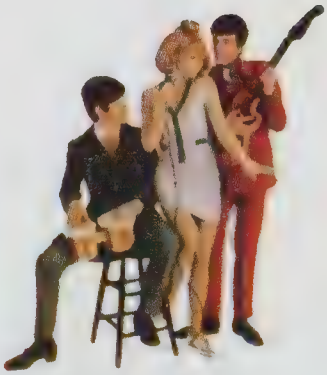
Today's Darling

. . . has the hair that shouts 'now'

. . . has 'that look' about her clothes

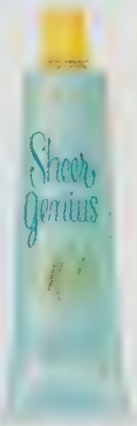


. . . finds the 'in' disco first

has the look of Sheer Genius about her

Today's Darling wouldn't be seen dead in yesterday's face. She loves the look that's so light it might not be there at all. She sparkles and glows with the gentle caress of Sheer Genius. Sheer Genius—miracle all-in-one make-up. With moisturizers to bring out the hidden beauty of the look that's—well, sheer genius. Sheer Genius from Max Factor for all Today's Darlings.

8/1
Recommended



Sheer Genius by MAX FACTOR

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way or another. To boost our own inefficiencies, we turn to attack, and in many cases, bitter attack.

The targets are endless, the government of the day, racialism, industrial and student relations, management, the planners, bureaucracy, the Church, human rights. Anything will do. Nothing is sacrosanct any more.

Every so-called item of news in the press is really searching for a scapegoat; on radio and television this same material is mauled and torn to shreds in the search for critical comment and an opportunity to score at someone else's expense and, in so doing, build the commentators into little tin Caesars. If we are not able to express ourselves in words, we can wear fantastic clothes, make weird noises with electronic instruments or murder melodies with our voices.

Lucky to get lost

When I get to the point of screaming I am perhaps fortunate enough to be able to get onto my bicycle—or a horse—and "lose" myself, if only for a brief period, in a world of nature.

The trees and hedgerows are bare, they are resting, but quietly building up reserves, not to do battle but in a few weeks time to play their part in the miracle that we call spring.

The snow and the rain have contributed their helpful part (despite the problems of floods and snowdrifts) and are now on the way down the ditches and the streams to play a useful part through every mile of the journey to the sea.

Most of the wildlife is in a state of dormancy in preparation for their major requirement in life, reproduction.

No-one can help absorbing some of the atmosphere even if they are buffeted by a gale or a victim to cold rain and snow storms. No-one can deny—in human terms that is—the cruelties of nature, or its stark realities in many forms. But one dominant factor will emerge—the complete interdependence of all forms of life within the compass of what we understand to be "nature", and the seeming acceptance of the inevitable, without question or revolt.

The pace of life that we, as humans, have evolved for ourselves has taken too many into a complete state of imbalance when set against the natural world around.

Urban tourists welcome

It is good to know that thought is being given—and action taken—by a growing number of individuals and organisations to make recreation in the countryside available to masses of people, who are forced to spend so much of their time crammed together in towns and cities, living and working in a most unnatural state.

Plans are well afoot in Gloucestershire to make available a large area of countryside from the river Severn to well up into the Cotswolds for people from the industrial Midlands. Derby Corporation jointly with the County Council are doing something similar for the town's folk on the 390 acres around Elveaston Castle, 200 acres will be available in 1970. Provisions are being made for week-end camping and caravan sites.

The Countryside Commission is pushing forward with plans for picnic sites and car parks at beauty spots within easy distance of the more heavily populated areas.

The British Horse Society and the Pony Clubs are making a great effort to open up natural rides for their rapidly increasing membership.

At present in Greater London alone there are 25,000 people who ride every week and, during the last twelve years, the number of affiliated riding clubs throughout the country has grown from 57 to 271, at the latest count.

These, and many more like them, are hopeful signs for greater opportunities for everyone to share the benefits of closer contact with a world unaffected by speed and turmoil.

An opportunity to just stand and stare.

Godfrey Baseley

Esso season

Winter

Woodcut by Thomas Bewick

Nothing grows in winter, except problems. Rely on your local Authorised Esso Distributor to help with all your oil problems. Just ask him about farm fuels and lubricants, butyl sheeting, anti-freeze, Esso Blue, and central heating fuels. Rapid service is the key word – service backed with the best in technical advice.
Why not ask to see the latest copy of the Esso Farmer? It is sent free of charge to farmers. Now in its twentieth year, it gives up-to-date authoritative information on important farming topics, as well as providing features of a more general interest. Just one part of Esso's involvement in the agricultural business.

Any season is Esso season

Esso

Rainbow Wood Farm, near Bath

THE NATIONAL TRUST

BY PHILIP DREW

ANYONE who sees failure in the powers of protection of the National Trust to preserve its property Saltram Park, near Plymouth, from the predations of the developer should dismiss such a notion at once.

If anything, that unfortunate loss served to demonstrate the Trust's strength and efficacy rather than indicate any sign of weakness. Perhaps this seems a paradox—but look at the record. After more than sixty years—since Parliament gave the Trust its unique powers, this was the first time it involuntarily lost a property that it had acquired for the nation; now a six-lane highway is to sweep through this parkland.

The Trust was founded 1895. The "unique power", obtained by Act of Parliament 1907, is the right to declare any acquisition *inalienable*. The properties in its keeping cannot be sold or mortgaged; they can only be compulsorily acquired, if this is enforced, by special ruling of Parliament. Even when public authorities try to get such a ruling (via, for example, the Ministry of Housing and Country Planning) there is little chance of success. By consistently reasonable use of its rights, the Trust has earned (even from the Socialists) respect for its reputation as a genuine, impartial protector of the nation's treasure-chest of natural beauty-places and admired buildings. The Trust has no aim to grind axes fashioned by "vested interest". It is a custodian.

The rights and wrongs of the Saltram Park case are well-enough known. It is enough to say here that, in the last analysis, it was shown to be a case of public utility versus public amenity. Utility won. At the same time, it is fair to look at the issue from the Trust's angle. The Director-General, Sir John Winnifrith, seems to have a point in his comment: "*I think we had the wool pulled over our eyes.*"

The property was acquired in 1957. There was a possibility then of a road being built to go through the park. This the Trust knew. But they had reason to suppose it would be just a road. In that event it might be possible to haggle out some alternative scheme not involving much encroachment of the preserve, nor interfering with the operations of the tenant farmer who uses much of the estate for grazing-land. They had no inkling that anything like a project for an M-road was in the cookpot. As Sir John says, "*This will cut off the main entrance to the park.*" As for the farmer, he will have to pack up and move elsewhere, or go out of business. His herd has to make way for haulage-trucks and holiday-tourist traffic.

Bath for the Rainbow

As it happens, the Trust is now involved in a second major action to defend its powers—also in the West Country. The assailants on an inalienable property this time are the Bath Corporation.

The property involved is called Rainbow Wood Farm, a 243-acres estate on the outskirts of Bath. It was given to the Trust in 1959 by the late owner, Mrs. M. M. Mallett—with the proviso that it should be kept as agricultural land and should be preserved in its existing condition of natural beauty. Five years later Miss Elizabeth Mallett, daughter of the original bequestor, gave the Trust another 53 acres of adjoining farmland—on the same terms. These, incidentally, included an undertaking to retain the ancient rights of way across the land.

For twenty years this Corporation has been trying to get hold of the property. In 1948 they tried unsuccessfully to get it for housing. In 1953 they wanted it for houses, schools and recreational areas. In 1958 they tried another tack and put up a claim for the farm as a permanent site for the Bath and West Agricultural Show. That also failed.

In 1967 (having abandoned the idea of making the farmland an agricultural show site), the City Council thought it would do for playing-fields, with the appropriate buildings—meaning changing-rooms, club quarters, lavatories and such, plus a car park. When they put this proposition to the Trust, it—not surprisingly—was turned down.

Rainbow Wood, like many more of the properties owned by the Trust, was acquired on the understanding that the donor's wishes concerning its future would be respected.

When the Trust acquires a stately home, it has the obligation of maintaining it and the land involved. For example, should a landowner give an estate which includes a quiet coastline beauty spot, and stipulates that he wants it kept that way, the Trust would not let it go to a company intending to develop it as a caravan site.

Even if they wanted to, therefore, the Trust could not, under the terms of acquisition, let Rainbow Wood be turned into a sports' park. They can let it to a farmer (as, in fact, they have done), providing they maintain the natural beauty of the estate. That is in the agreement.

Saltram, near Plymouth

Bath Council have now applied for a compulsory purchase order. As this is written, a battle goes on between the Trust and the Minister of Housing and Local Government on account of this action, which the Trust opposes. It seems inconceivable that they can lose; but even if they do, they still can invoke the 1907 Act of Parliament, in continuing to oppose a takeover. And they would be on presumably—firmer ground than they were in the Saltram Park affair.

But these actions cost money, and the Trust authorities want to use any spare funds they may have to acquire—for the nation—other unspoiled places of natural beauty. Because of the attractions of stately homes or other historic showplaces, which lure sightseers in thousands, people are apt to forget that so much good work is done by the Trust in preserving coastline, country lane, water reserve, wooded hill, wildlife habitat and husbanded soil. It operates to protect all, and shows prejudice favouring none.

Up the Creek?

The farmer, indeed, may in certain circumstances find himself in the opposite camp to that of the Trust guardians. Just now one efficient and well-intentioned provider (who contributes much to half the meals that you and I eat) is in conflict with the National Trust on account of some acres in a Cornish gem called Frenchman's Creek.

Thousands of tourists have visited the creek. To thousands more it is familiar through the writings of novelist Daphne du Maurier. The stream, between heavily-wooded banks, joins the beautiful estuary of the little river Helford that is even more widely known throughout the world as one of the most picturesque estuaries in England.

The National Trust has been working for thirty years to preserve this treasure. Gradually it acquired sites, and today it controls about 650 acres of the land around—mostly on the river's north bank. But on the east bank of Frenchman's Creek itself, at the point where the little tributary flows into the Helford, is a sloping stretch of woodland extending for nearly a mile inland. At the moment of writing it has no protective rights over this area. The land is owned by a farmer. His development plans, based on certain principles of modern farming policy, included clearing that part of the site completely; this means cutting down trees for land-reclamation.

Now farmers, surely, deserve all the sympathy and support of every countryman—since they get precious little from anybody else (although every townsman and suburbanite owes them a mighty debt of gratitude). And I should like to be among the first to express admiration for their selfless hard work in raising some of the finest-quality products of their kind in the world for quite inadequate reward. We owe a lot to the scientific methods of the modern farmer. But there are certain areas in which over-zealous activity seems to have stemmed from a short-sighted policy. It must be admitted that, in some cases, the ultra-efficient farmer is as guilty as the material developer in destroying natural assets that give our beautiful countryside its character—and often lessen its value, in the long term.

The bulldozing of trees and glades, rooting out of wild plants and destruction of the habitats of wildlife, on the banks of Frenchman's Creek, in the interests of land-reclamation for modern farming, seems hard to justify. We should not only lose the sight of an exceptionally beautiful bit of South Cornwall (yes, the creek would still exist—but not in its present exquisite form), we should lose also the home of birds and other fauna that include many of the farmer's best friends—to say nothing of losing a lovely natural garden. Too many of these homes have gone already.

Anyhow the Trust is doing its best to see that this does not happen. As part of "Enterprise Neptune" (the programme whereby it works to rescue from predators, and preserve for the nation beautiful stretches of the British coastline) it launched an appeal to raise the £3,000 necessary to buy and thus "*save Frenchman's Creek from wrong development*", as it says. I hope that by the time you read this, the money will have been raised. The Trust got a 3-months option, but that was before Christmas 1968. Daphne du Maurier, who introduced the appeal, urged: "*I would ask all those who have wandered along the bank in spring, or come by boat in summer to find shelter and seclusion away from the main stream, to spare something more than mere regret and a sigh of resignation, and help save these lovely trees from the woodman's axe.*"

Preserving great and small

If I have dwelt long on one small facet of National Trust purpose, it is because the example serves well to illustrate the importance its directors attach to preserving small properties, just as much as big ones. Among many people there is a tendency to think of the Trust as guardian of stately homes and parks that might otherwise be taken over and/or demolished in aid of "development", or of a well-known lake, perhaps, in some renowned beauty area. Of course, it does a great job as custodian of these; but it does an equally important one preserving, maybe an old windmill scheduled for demolition, or a stretch of quiet attractive, coastline threatened with development as a site for everything you find at such places as Canvey Island or Camber Sands.

Acquisitions in the year 1967–68 included, for the first time, a stretch of the Suffolk coast—Dunwich Heath. On the other side of the British Isles map the Trust acquired 2½ miles of the north coast of Anglesey. This zone, the Cemlyn Estate, is to be maintained with the help of financial backing from Anglesey County Council.

Incidentally, the Rainbow Park dispute should certainly not be seen as an instance of normal relations between the Trust and local councils. On the contrary these are generally excellent: they co-operate, rather than get into conflict.

The Neptune campaign has produced some of the most satisfactory results in this organisation's recent activities. So far, 89 miles of unspoilt coast have been saved. Another 57 miles, to which Neptune funds have been committed, are under negotiation. More than a million pounds have come into the fund since the campaign was launched, three years ago, but as the organisers say, "*there has never yet been a time when there has been enough money in the fund to meet all the urgent calls made on it.*"

Windfall of Trust

If Sir John Winnifrith, understandably, feels he took over the chairmanship in an unhappy year—with the Trust for the first time in history losing its rights of 'inalienability' on one property, and having to fight a tough battle to exercise them on a second—he has some compensation in the fact that Trust funds, in the year ended March 1968, had their biggest single boost, in any given year, from legacies. The total was a record, £772,238.

That should, however, be seen as a bit of a windfall—coming at a time when it happened to be more than welcome. Wills and bequests are not a reliable source of income to any cause. But, while it varies widely, the cost of its use does not; that is always upwards. The Trust is committed to finance maintenance of and improvements to the properties it acquires. In every division, these items of cost are constantly increasing, and (as we all find under the Wilson regime) so is taxation. The Trust has to carry its share of the load of £2,300 million in additional taxation planted on the back of honest British people by those whose leader, four years ago, promised exciting, social reforms *without increasing taxes*—remember those soul-searching television broadcasts?

If the Trust has reason to be pleased with the results of recent appeals and with the useful 1967 legacy-windfall, it is still more gratified by an increasing membership list. About 14,500 new names were added, bringing the total in England, Wales and Northern Ireland to nearly 160,000. According to the annual report, much of this increase was due to the efforts of existing members, and the report adds: "*This is one of the most helpful ways in which all members can directly help the Trust in its work.*"

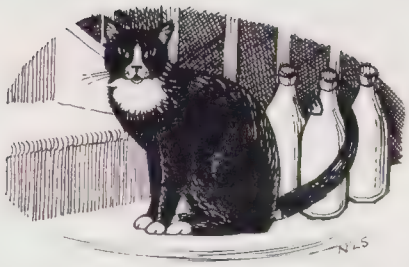
Young campaign

In a new scheme to recruit physical as well as financial help, the Trust Council has just launched a project to attract young members. Since January 1st this year, junior members have been welcomed to join at a specially reduced subscription rate of 10s. per annum. The only conditions are that they must belong either to a National Trust Centre, or to any such organisation as the Youth Hostels Association, an individual school or college which is a corporate subscriber.

Under Mr. Eric Crofts, a junior membership department has been started. Mr. Crofts' "Acorn to Oak" camps, held during 1968 on the Golden Cap Estate in Dorset, in the Lake District and on the Stratford-on-Avon Canal, have proved to be a tremendous success, with members co-operating in the fine job that is being done by the Conservation Corps of the Council for Nature.

FARM NOTES

BY GEORGE HAINES



On February 3rd (subject to confirmation) the minimum wages for adult male farm workers will be increased by 17s. to £12 8s. per week of 44 hours. This brings into the spotlight the ridiculous position of the farm worker. Of course, it is impossible to live on such a figure and most men rely on overtime to bring their wages to a higher figure. The average wage before the increase was estimated at £15 6s. 1d. for a week of 49 hours as against an average for industrial workers of £22 8s. 8d. for a week of 46 hours.

This position where men have to work longer hours in order to achieve an income which is only three-quarters of that received by their industrial counterparts is degrading to both men and employers and creates a feeling that agriculture is a second class industry.

Wet sheep and freezing ploughs

Often conditions under which the men have to work would lead to strikes in any other industry. Handling sheep on a wet February morning is as unpleasant as the work for which dockers claim "dirty money"; and ploughing on a frosty morning or combining on a sweltering summer day entail working in conditions which are far more arduous than those which occasion "walk-outs" because the central heating or air conditioning of a factory is not working to full effect.

The issue of agricultural wages has been befogged for years by talk of the "perks" which the men are supposed to receive. Chief of these is the service cottage. It is of course an economy for the worker to have a cottage rent-free or at a very low rent, but it is a necessity for the farmer to have his men near the farm—as can be seen by the speed with which he secures an eviction order if a man stays in the cottage after employment ends.

Should men live five miles away it would not be possible for them to return several times during the night to see how the cow that is calving is progressing, nor for the farmer to call men out when a lorry arrives outside working hours and has to be unloaded. Unfortunately, too, for farm workers, many of the cottages are far below modern standards as is shown by the extensive alterations carried out by new owners when a surplus cottage is sold.

Spuds and pinta "perks"

The men *may* receive a pint of milk a day (M.M.B. on-farm price about 5d.) and the odd bag of potatoes (worth 10s.). These are often grudgingly given, so that the man feels he is begging instead of receiving what is reckoned by Authority as part of his wages.

For these wages a farm worker has to take a high degree of responsibility. When he is out in a field there is no foreman to refer to; no inspection department to make sure the work is done properly. The man is out on his tractor on his own and has to use his skill and judgement. The great increase in farm productivity is in no small way due to the fact that despite dis-incentives the farm workers have matched the new methods and machines with increased skill.

However, last year 35,000 men left the farms and unless some improvement is made in wages and conditions there will be a further decline this year. At one time it was the older men who were leaving, but now many are men in the 25–40 age group who feel that they are not going to be able to support their families in a decent way on the meagre rewards of farming.

Subsidising others

This position cannot be blamed on the "grasping" farmers for it should be realised that the amount which can be paid to workers is governed by the controlled prices of farm produce. The cheap food policy means that the agricultural worker is subsidising the higher paid workers in other industries.

Both farmer and worker should press for the coming Price Review to recognise the position and make some adjustment to ensure adequate returns for both sides of the industry as set out in the 1947 Act.

THE WEST COUNTRY

YOU could chart a course along the English Channel coast from Lyme Regis to Land's End, or along the Atlantic Coast from Clevedon to Cape Cornwall, or something like mid-way between them, from Sedgemoor to St. Buryan—and everywhere find your route strewn with favourite and famous place-names in the English gazetteer. There are names that have inspired poet, song-writer, novelist, painter, naturalist, historian; attracted tourists from places as far apart as Lancashire and Los Angeles; called up thoughts of stormy coast and serene cottage, legendary figures and earthy country-folk, rough sea and soft accent, moorland-pony and maritime bird.

In Cornwall many of these are of Celtic origins; and there are pre-historic links in the physical characteristics (black hair and dark eyes) of some local people in the coastal fishing villages of both Cornwall and West Devon. Their remote ancestors, it seems, were Spanish and Portuguese settlers, who arrived some 4000 years ago.

River names, such as Exe and Dart, have roots in the language of the ancient Britons, too. And the people appeared to have a natural aptitude in their descriptive language, which could well equal that of the 19th and 20th century poet and novelist. The Taw, in North Devon, is named from a British word meaning "the silent one"; and how better could one today express the quietness of its movement in the beautiful estuary?

The West Country is so rich in history, so generously endowed by nature (both inland and on its coastline) that the country-loving traveller could almost mark a point at random, blindfolded—then drive to that point and spend two or three weeks holiday in happy exploration within a thirty-mile radius. The armchair tourist (with fond thoughts of things truly rural and English) can indulge in engaging and almost endless study of impressions by artists, writers and photographers that cover the enormous wealth of natural beauty and historic interest.

In recent years many of the Devon and Cornwall coast resorts (such as Paignton and Polperro, or Clovelly and Constantine Bay) have lost their quiet, romantic charm following the seasonal mass-invasion of holiday-makers from both Britain and overseas. The result has been spoliation by the developer. Something, too, has gone from the romance of getting there: by road in the summer you are condemned to a coastbound crawl. The Cornish Riviera Express still runs, but seems to have lost its prestige without the gleaming, green-painted "Kings" and "Castles" that used to haul it, while the Southern's famous "ACE" (Atlantic Coast Express) has gone.

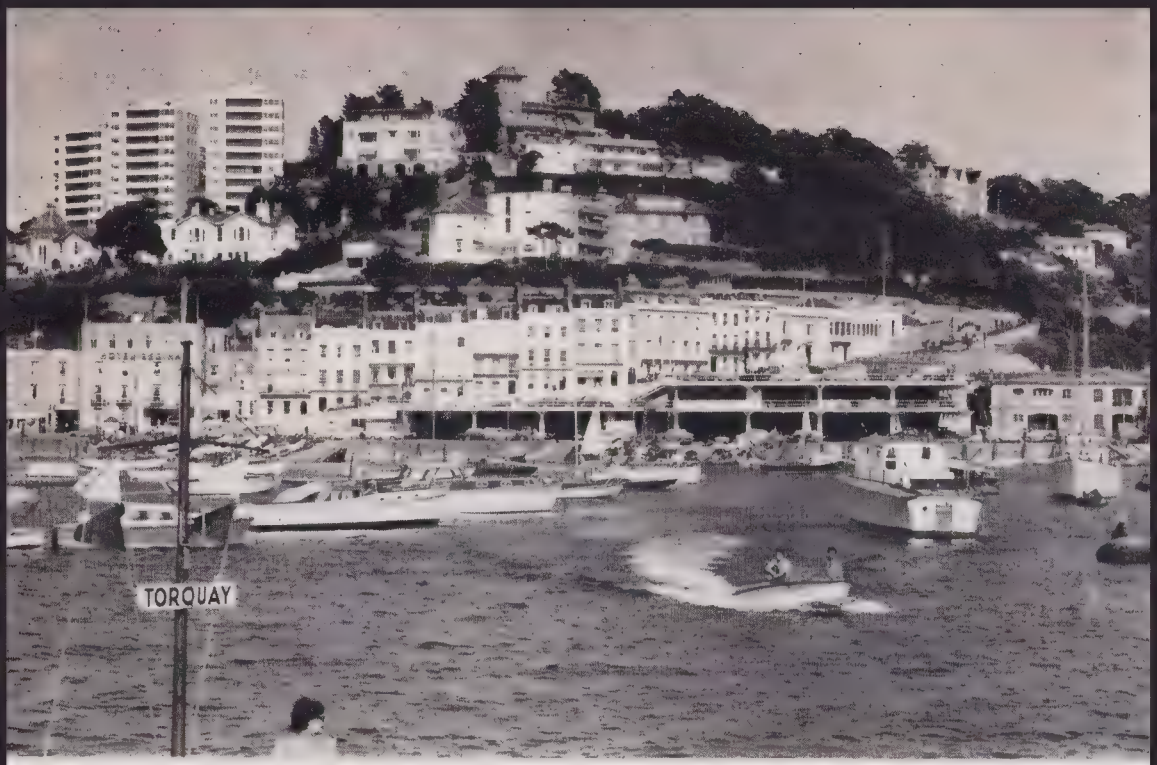
But there are plenty of places in the West Country where crowded commercialism has not spoilt rustic relaxation. At random one thinks of Dunster in Somerset, with its quaint Norman church and Norman castle remains—a typical example of a fine mediaeval village at the approach to Exmoor. There is Stockleigh Pomeroy (less than ten miles from Exeter) in the beautiful scenery of the Raddon Hills, where the small mediaeval manor still stands. Another beauty spot is Mother Ivey's Cove, at Trevose Head on the North Cornish coast where (if you can persuade the lighthouse keeper at the Head to show you over his cliff-sited dwelling) you can look down into the clear water that washes the rocks below and watch the seals at play.

Tremendous credit must go to the National Trust for preserving so many miles of coastline and acres of countryside that might otherwise have been lost.

For the naturalist, this part of England is one of the richest reserves of animal, bird and plant life. But it is primarily as farmland, with its thousands of years of history, that much of the territory must always be considered. Hundreds of Devon farms are listed in the Domesday book; generations of men and women who have lived on the land have left their descendants—many of whom are still living in the picturesque hills and valleys—a contented look. It is as if they were thinking what one native of the West Country has written: "*Devon is the best of all places to live.*"

Clovelly harbour

Photograph: JANE J. MILLER



Outer harbour and Vane Hill, Torquay

Fishing village of Mousehole, Cornwall

Photograph: E. W. TATTERSALL

Sidmouth, in Devon, from Salcombe Hill

Castle on St. Michael's Mount, near Penzance

Photographs: NOEL HABGOOD

The inner harbour of Brixham, Devon

Photograph: JANE J. MILLER

Photograph: KENNETH SCOWEN

Thatchers Rock of Torbay in Devon

Photograph: JANE J. MILLER

Hardy little ponies of Dartmoor, Devon

Lovely village of Kingsand, Cornwall

Photograph: E. W. TATTERSALL

Old yarn market of Dunster in Somerset

The distant Hoe and new centre, Plymouth

Photographs: KENNETH SCOWEN

Land's End,
Cornwall

Photograph: E. W. TATTERSALL

RALPH WHITLOCK *poses questions — along with interesting facts — about the first so-called organic compound to be made synthetically*

UREA AS A FOODSTUFF

It seems odd that we should have to get so much of our information about the uses of urea as a food from America. The stuff was used in Europe about the turn of the century, but the Americans didn't adopt it till the 1930s. Now, though, they seem to be well ahead, and it looks as though we shall be taking a few lessons from them before long. I have just been looking up the books on animal nutrition in my library—about a dozen of them—and only one even mentions urea as a feeding-stuff.

Once made synthetically

Urea once made history, for way back in 1828 it was the first so-called organic compound to be made synthetically from inorganic chemicals, thus proving that such things could be done. In nature, of course, it is a product of an animal's liver. Most of it passes through the kidneys and is disposed of in the form of urine, but in ruminant animals some of it filters back into the rumen for further use. Urea, you see, consists of 46 per cent nitrogen and so is valuable food for all those micro-organisms which get busy in the rumen when a cow chews the cud. It's particularly valuable when the cow is eating a lot of roughage, low in protein.

The question is—will it help to give the cow more urea than she can produce for herself, and can it be used to supply protein?

Yes, within reason. Such work as has been done in this country indicates that up to 3 per cent of the total ration, or up to 16 per cent of the protein content, is a safe level. Although standard rations containing urea are much the same in America, experiments have shown that much higher proportions can be used. A two-year experiment involving over 400 cows showed that when 33 per cent of the protein in a ration was replaced by urea it made no difference at all to either the milk yield or the health of the cow. This is twice the maximum that we would use. In another trial nearly 100 per cent of the protein was supplied in the form of urea, without ill-effects.

Why the Americans are so interested is that they are a bit short of protein. In the mid-West corn belt, where enormous numbers of cattle are fattened on maize, they have normally reckoned on soyabean meal—also locally produced—to supply the protein in the ration. Soyabean prices have, however, been skidding about so erratically in recent years, the beef feeders have been looking to urea as a more stable alternative.

They have worked out that one pound of urea plus six pounds of maize is equal in feeding value to seven pounds of soyabean meal, which is a useful equation. Purdue University, in Indiana, has prepared the formula for a new protein supplement consisting of 280 pound of molasses, 360 pound of lucerne meal, and 360 pound of urea, plus bonemeal, salt and micro-ingredients, for every 1,000 pounds of the mixture.

It seems that the more urea fed to an animal, within reason, the better use it makes of it. If the animal is too hungry at meal-time, it eats its food too quickly and the nitrogen passes through it and is lost before the rumen can start to work effectively. In animals on a high plane of nutrition there is always some nitrogen left in the rumen as a starter for the next meal; the work of digestion never really stops, and so the stomach is nicely geared up to make full use of whatever is offered.

Overcoming snags

However, there are snags. You could kill a cow by pouring pure liquid urea down its throat. The Americans' answer to this hazard is

thorough mixing. They swear by ground lucerne as an agent for mixing with urea, but that is probably because their rations consist largely of grain and the lucerne, therefore, provides necessary roughage.

They also make almost universal use of the hormone stilboestrol for fattening cattle and sheep, though not for breeding animals. We still have our reservations about using this for any ruminant animals.

Is not cheap

Urea is manufactured extensively in Britain but is not cheap, being in considerable demand for making plastics. It is better known as a fertiliser than as a food, that 46 per cent nitrogen being an attractive proposition. Nevertheless, as world demand for protein for human consumption increases we shall have to turn more and more to synthetic products for use in animal foods. Although urea is at present dear, so is most protein, and new and simplified methods of manufacture are being worked out. We shall certainly be hearing a lot more about it, and also about a derivative from it called biuret, which, being hardly toxic at all, has even greater scope. It is said to work well in conjunction with silage.

HOW COUNTRYWISE ARE YOU?

If you score 40 out of the total of 50 points you are very well informed on country matters; a score of 30 is quite good; but if your total is less than 15 your country knowledge needs sharpening.

Points

1. February fill-dyke?—in what county is the wettest place in England? .. 4
2. What conifer sheds its leaves each year and will soon be showing new greens? 6
3. If you catch only a glimpse of a dark bird swimming on February's floods, how can you quickly tell if it is moor-hen or coot? 5
4. And keeping with the birds, can you identify the following:—a. Mavis; b. Ruddock; c. Laverock? .. each 2
5. A special bonus for real countryfolk. What day of the week during the last war was the W.I. most popular? .. 5
6. We've heard a lot about knocking at auctions, but by whom was Luck Money paid at country auctions? .. 4
7. When the Ordnance Survey was formed in 1791 what scale map was it ordered to produce—25 in. to mile? 5 in. to mile? or 1 in. to mile? .. 5
8. Which of the following villages does the National Trust own—Broadway, Chiddingstone, Castle Combe, Selworthy? .. .. each 2
9. What do the following botanical terms mean—crenate? dentate? ovate? each 2
10. In the 16th century it was called the apple of gold; in the 19th century it was called the love-apple; what do we call it? 5

Answers on page 83

Talking to Godfrey Baseley is that diverse personality, who is best known to television viewers as the voice behind the screen for top Show Jumping events—

DORIAN WILLIAMS

DORIAN WILLIAMS can wear any one of five "hats", and all seem to fit very comfortably. There is the soft hat of the television commentator, mortarboard of the Director of the Pendley Manor Adult Education Centre, the riding cap of the Master of the Whaddon Chase pack of hounds, the skull cap of the writer, and the "bowler" as the Hon. Director of the Equestrian Centre at Stoneleigh.

Just as a sideline he has been directing the Shakespeare Drama Festival at Pendley every year for the past twenty-one years. I do not think it would be right to allocate the "cap and bells" for this job, but they could certainly stand for the fun and humour that is such a natural part of his whole make up.

"*It often comes as a big surprise to many people to find me so actively concerned with education*" said Dorian, "*I am sure that many people expect to find me half horse*". In a way this is not surprising because Dorian was born into a 'horsey' world virtually on the day 'war broke out'—that is the 1914–18 war.

His father, Col. V. D. S. Williams of the 5th Dragoon Guards was founder and first instructor of the Netheravon Cavalry School. In 1922 he founded the British Show Jumping Association, then the Pony Club in 1928; therefore, horses, so far as Dorian was concerned, were taken for granted.

After prep. school, Dorian went to Harrow. His sporting activities there were rugby football, and athletics in which he concentrated on the 'mile' and hurdles; also he became a member of the 'Outcasts' cricket team, which he described as being great fun.

Oxford should have been the next phase in his education but the financial crisis of 1932–3 put an end to this; however, his father found sufficient money for young Dorian to spend two years abroad—mainly in Europe—to study languages and social history. This proved to be a very valuable experience in the years that followed.

Afterwards he returned home and helped to manage a prep. school in Kent that was owned by his mother's family; then with the outbreak of war in 1939, Dorian organised the evacuation of pupils and re-establishment of the school in North Wales.

While there he was struck down by a rare blood disease and was completely out of action for nine months. On recovery he became involved in education for the Forces, and continued with this until the end of the war.

Culture, business and industry

All this, of course, was a natural introduction to the setting up of the Adult Education Centre at Pendley Manor, near Tring in Hertfordshire.

In the beginning the syllabus was mainly concerned with cultural subjects and Dorian took a very active part in teaching. But, as time went by, a real need to broaden the interests emerged, and the establishment took in a much wider range of subjects—particularly those concerning business and industry. Now about four thousand people attend the wide range of courses each year.

"*The most valuable courses*" Dorian told me, "*are those for supervisors and foremen from factories all over the country who come to study human relationships in the management of men—among other things. You would be surprised what a difference it can make to a man to spend just a few days at Pendley, mixing in with his counterparts from other companies. Nine times out of ten, he is a very much 'bigger and better' man when he gets back to his job. What we think, in most cases, is that the man goes away with far more respect for his job.*"

Writing and suspense

To date he has written twenty-five books at the rate of just over two a year. They are all—rather naturally—associated with horses, some fact, and some fiction, including one

written around a most unusual horse of his own. Dorian tried to do a lot of research on the history of this remarkable horse, but 'drew a blank'; nevertheless he was determined to write the book, and thoroughly enjoyed himself 'making up' the history.

To most of us Dorian Williams is the man with the voice behind the television screen who brings all the thrill and excitement of Show Jumping right into our own homes. He has the great gift of dissertation that provides us with just the right amount of background information about the riders and their horses to make us feel that we know them intimately. This can make us sit up on the edge of our chairs, stir emotions and hold us in such suspense that we hardly dare look at the big wall, difficult treble or whatever seemingly impossible obstacle it is that horse and rider have to conquer. I have known my wife bury her face in a newspaper at such a critical moment when a clear round depended on success at the last fence.

There is a lot of hard work behind the scenes to keep up to date with new riders and their horses; or the old established riders with new horses, and, during an international event it is necessary to know all the interesting information about the foreign entries. It may well come as a surprise to those who watched the horse events at the Olympics in Mexico last year, to know that Dorian had to do his commentary from a studio twelve miles away from the actual event. That could have certainly fooled me!

International recognition

There is one very interesting sidelight on Dorian's performance in Mexico. When his commentary was all over a group of foreign commentators gathered round him and thanked him most profusely. This was, of course, very gratifying but not easy to understand until it transpired that none of them knew anything about Show Jumping; but they were able to take Dorian's commentary on their earphones and translate it into their own language to the viewers back home with every confidence—as they were the words of the 'Master'.

Dorian has been Master of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds for fifteen years and throughout that time has had the invaluable services of Albert Buckle as his Huntsman.

On hunting, Dorian has very stern views. To him, hunting is all concerned with hound work, the art, science, skill—call it what you like. To Dorian the horses are secondary; they are there merely to allow their riders to keep in touch with what is happening.

The latest job that Dorian has undertaken is that of the Hon. Director of the Equestrian Centre at Stoneleigh in Warwickshire.

When I asked him what this job was all about, he replied, "*What I want to see here is what might be described loosely as the 'University of the Horse'. We want to give the horse world a focal point, and here at Stoneleigh I believe that we can do it. We can bring together all the best riders, all the best teachers, and a lot of good horses, so that we can not only put this country on top in international competition, but keep her there.*"

You know, at the end of my interview, I almost began to believe that Dorian *was* half a horse, but this was quickly dispelled when he went on to talk about his family.

It is now fourteen years since he married. His fiancée was Miss Jennifer Neale, who now in addition to being wife and mother of two children (Piers age 12 and Carola 9) runs the Welsh Pony Stud farm and deals with the catering for the adult residential School.

Piers does not follow his father's interests—yet. At the moment he is a great soccer fanatic in the shape of player and follower, but Carola is keeping up the tradition.

Who knows, we may have Father commentating on his own daughter in the show ring before long.

ON THIS MONTH

PAUL HUET PAINTINGS and CONTEMPORARY FRENCH SCULPTURE EXHIBITION, Heim Gallery, London (now on) –20
RUGBY: SCOTLAND v. WALES, Murrayfield, Edinburgh 1
CRUFT'S DOG SHOW, Olympia, London 7–8
NATIONAL POWER FARMING CONFERENCE, Hotel Metropole, Brighton 12–13
RUGBY: ENGLAND v. FRANCE, Twickenham 22
RUGBY: SCOTLAND v. IRELAND, Murrayfield, Edinburgh 22

ANTIQUES IN THE WEST COUNTRY

BY JOAN BAMFORD

With spring ahead thoughts turn to holidays. Early in the year (before roads get overcrowded) the collector of antiques or student of antiquities could arrange a most rewarding tour of the West Country. This lovely part of England has always been a happy hunting ground for the searchers of the old and traditional. Antiques can be found there in many places, such as old shops, thatched cottages and stately homes. Planning a tour from my own fireside, I dream of visiting anew some of the places of special beauty and interest, beginning with Bath.

Antique shops and ancient architecture abound in this fair city, so I will choose a visit to the unique museum, now housed in the elegant Assembly Rooms. These have been exquisitely reconstructed to display their original 18th century grace, after almost total destruction in the blitz of 1942.

Museum of Costume

In May 1963 an entire suite of the Rooms was permanently devoted to house the Museum of Costume, which had previously been exhibited at Eridge Castle and Brighton Pavilion by Mrs. Doris Langley Moore. This now priceless—collection formed by Mrs. Langley Moore reflects three centuries of social history, and it was generously made over to the City of Bath under her personal supervision. The clothes are exhibited on lifelike models, against background scenes of their period, behind glass; they are arranged in sequence through the centuries.

The authentic costumes and attention to relative detail makes this unique museum valuable to students as well as interesting to all who appreciate beauty and tradition. The period covered is from the early 1600s to the 1960s.

Photograph: Bath Assembly Rooms and Museum of Costume

Rare example of silver tissue dress (c.1660)

The museum is open in winter from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. (Sundays 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.), and in summer from 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. (Sundays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.); admission 3s., (children 1s. 6d.) or a combined ticket to include Assembly Rooms, Museum of Costume, Pump Room and Roman Baths, adults 5s., children 2s. 6d.

Nova Opera, Wells

Wells would be my next port of call, where I should gaze again at the magnificent cathedral and its old clock with fascinating mobile figures, and the many other treasures.

I should also visit Edward A. Nowell; his famous antique shop in the Market Place adjoins "The Penniless Porch" from which the Bishops of bygone days dispensed alms within a few yards of the Palace Gate.

At the end of the 15th century Bishop Bekyngton replaced the huddle of shacks and hovels, which traders had put outside

One of the beautiful showrooms of Edward A. Nowell's antique shop in Wells, Somerset

his palace, with a row of merchants' houses known then as the "Nova Opera". Now in this ideal setting is Mr. Nowell's fine antique shop with its dozen or more showrooms.

For furniture restoration the firm has its own staff of cabinet-makers and upholsterers, and the major part of the business is devoted to late 17th. and 18th century antiques. There is an interesting section that deals in antique silver, too. Mr. Nowell trained as a gemologist in his youth, so antique and Victorian jewellery is one of his special interests, as is good modern jewellery. This old-established firm keeps in touch by correspondence with many clients throughout this country and overseas.

National Trust properties

After Wells there would be Devon and Cornwall, and such a tour would be incomplete without visits to some of the famous stately homes in the area—a number of which are administered by the National Trust.

I should plan first to visit Saltram, 2 miles from Plymouth. Between April and September it is open every day except Tuesday, admission 5s., children 2s. 6d. (but no children under 7 are admitted). Friday is Connoisseurs' Day (when no children under 12 are admitted) and admission costs 7s. 6d.

Saltram—a Georgian mansion situated in a landscaped park, has a magnificent exterior and important rooms designed by Robert Adam. It houses period furniture, and pictures—many by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A new feature is the great kitchen that was opened last year.

The National Trust also administers a number of other lovely houses and beauty spots in the West, and a list of these is available on application to their local branch (Mr. Warren Davis, Saltram, Plympton, Nr. Plymouth). From there one can get details of membership, too; this includes the modest payment of 5s. for which—among other things—you may attend their organised events of interest in the area. In addition, there are special occasions like the social evening to be held in the great kitchen at Saltram House on March 28th, with a fork supper and a lecture on culinary arts in the

18th century; tickets are 10s. each. Connoisseurs' evenings at stately homes are held from time to time, too.

Treasure house at Boffins Bolt

While in Plymouth area one should not miss a visit to Halsey & Son, of Boffins Bolt, Bowcombe Creek, Kingsbridge—the family antiques business of Mr. and Mrs. Halsey, and their son, Mr. John Hayden Halsey, who has studied antiques extensively abroad. There are five showrooms, a beautiful garden, and an 18th century garden room in the French manner. They specialise in both English and French antiques. Mr. John Hayden Halsey has, incidentally, acquired No. 121 Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. This he has had reconstructed, and it is to be furnished with fine antiques—all of which will be for sale. The centre will be open in March.

Tradition of Old Father Time

Exeter would be my next call with a visit to W. M. Bruford & Son. Alas, their original, famous old shop (established as a gold and silversmiths in 1721) was destroyed in the blitz along with its magnificent exterior clock that was "supported by Old Father Time": it was a well-known feature of Exeter High Street. However, Mr. Bruford has re-established the business in fine modern premises in Bedford Street; here he has unusual and rare goods in fine quality, such as antique silver and jewellery in addition to good modern silver jewellery, watches, etc.

Photograph: Halsey & Son, Kingsbridge

Photograph: W. M. Bruford & Son, Exeter

A George II Coffee Pot by Phillip Elston, Exeter, 1736

Do not miss the Post

Cornwall has some exceptionally beautiful stately homes, filled with delightful antiques. Most of these are open from April to September, but Tintagel Old Post Office—a miniature 14th century manor house in the centre of the village—opens in March.

A trip to Cornwall would not be complete without a visit to Cotehele, a romantic 15th century mansion high on the wooded banks of the River Tamar. This contains fine furniture, tapestries and armour of the Earls of Mount Edgcumbe. Pools and rills add to the interest of the lovely garden on different levels. Cotehele is open daily (except Tuesdays) from April to September; and from October to March on Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays.

Over a dozen Cornish antique dealers are listed in "Antique Collecting with B.P.", in towns such as Bodmin, Falmouth, Lostwithiel, Penzance, St. Ives and Truro—a really pleasant area for the collector to explore at leisure.

LEFT: James II fine laquered beech chairs (2 of a set of 4), rare James II barley sugar turned oak Tavern Table, Brussels tapestry (1 of pair), 17th cent. brass picket Candlesticks and Welsh Alms Dish

TRAVEL

MOROCCO:

Royal Kingdom of the Sun

by HARCOURT CHAMPNEYS

"BEWITCH," according to my dictionary, means "Affect by magic, put a spell on; delight exceedingly." So, with a few reservations, I was bewitched by Morocco —the Royal Kingdom of the Sun, which I revisited last September after a lapse of about 15 years.

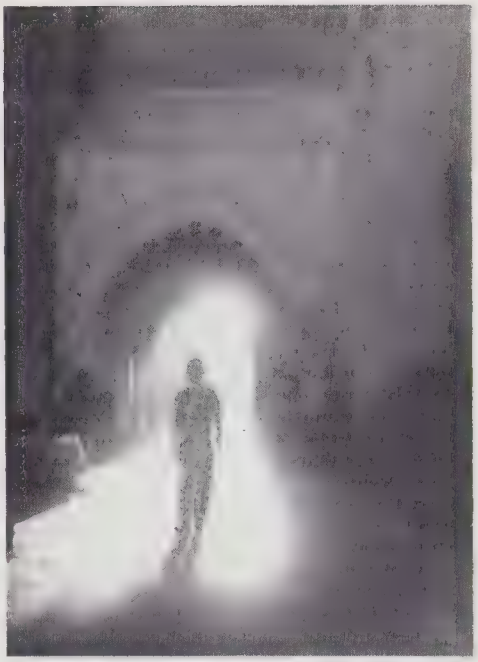
In the interim, Nature, in a spate of indigestible fury, rent asunder the hillside town of Agadir, in southern Morocco, in one of the worst earthquakes on record. Only the very ancient kasbah, astride the hill, remains. It, too, is now deserted—a permanent and fitting headstone to the thousands of Moroccans who died.

The Miami of tomorrow

Today, not more than two miles further south, the modern, sea-level town of Agadir has risen—a smiling, sun-blessed haven (300 sunny days a year guaranteed), where the temperature seldom goes below 60° F. nor above 80° F.—a place to which many practical medical men consider it would be cheaper to send our unfortunate bronchitics than to hospitalise them at £40 a week each.

Studded with remarkably fine hotels, at remarkably reasonable rates, superb silver beaches, and one of the de Rothschild's money-spinning luxury Clubs Méditerranée (where two-inch thick tables are required to support the massive, twice-daily, culinary cascade), Agadir shows every indication of becoming the Miami of tomorrow—so go there soon, while it is still Morocco!

Apart from the tropical atmosphere and charm of the new Agadir, it is the main centre from which the more energetic and adventurous tourist can sample the infectious, stimulating excitement of the true desert towns, and their fierce-looking, but very lovable, inhabitants.



Symphony of light and shade at Tetouan

Blue men and pink Kasbahs

About 60 miles to the south lies Tiznit, and its almost endless palm-grove, the splendid beach at Aghlou, and the Sudanian-like mosques and minarets. Even further south—and one can travel by comfortable, modern hire-cars—is Goulimine, home of the blue men, so called because of their indigo-dyed clothing. It is also a centre for the real desert caravans, and the only place where one can witness the incredible dance of Guedra.

Another "must" for those who visit south Morocco is the pink and white kasbah at Tafraout, set among green palm-groves which help to soften the mighty granite mounds common to this "unchanged-since-time-began" area. And, in the centre of all this, unobtrusive, elegant and of a high standard is one of the Moroccan Tourist Office's modern hotels.

From Agadir one can also reach Ouarzazate where, if you take my advice, you will stay in the Tifoultout kasbah—only five miles from Ouarzazate. Among the adobe villages and the kasbahs of the Ait Ben Haddou—settled for centuries on their rocky foundations —one will be among the Chleuhs, a charming people to whom hospitality and respect for the traveller are second nature.

Home from school to the Kasbah

Churchill's Marrakech

North-west of Ouarzazate lies Marrakech—the most pulsating, stimulating, colour-laden city of Morocco, and second oldest of the Imperial cities (Fes being the oldest). Dating from 1062, the old quarter is congested, dirty, quite insanitary, thrilling and irresistible. The sultan's palace and the Kutubiya mosque, however, with its 230-feet high tower, are but two of the really remarkable aspects of this incredible city.

With a population of just under a quarter of a million, Marrakech is a combination of ancient and modern—the modern having been started by the French occupation of 1912, the ancient by Youssef Ben Tachfin, first monarch of the Saharan Almoravid dynasty, and despite the congestion, dirt and lack of sanitation, I think he did the better job.

The attractive areas of Marrakech—and they *are* attractive—are mostly the work of Moroccan architects who appear to have an inherent sense of design which blends modernity and tradition in a completely charming, restful and aesthetically satisfying way.

Marrakech also boasts the most famous of the country's hotels, the Mamounia, to which the late Sir Winston Churchill and his family were regular visitors. Set in a lovely garden and palm-grove, one can inhale the fragrance of orange-blossom and gaze across, from one's air-conditioned bedroom, to the snow-capped peaks of the Atlas beyond. Let me say, simply, that the Mamounia *is* one of the *Great* hotels.

Mint tea and music

But, to me, the very heart of this great city is Djemaa el Fna—the huge market square where tribesmen and merchants from every corner of the Royal Kingdom gather to trade, dance, sing, eat and cast aside inhibition.

As the rising sun throws its long shadows over the square, cafés open and glasses of delicious mint tea help warm limbs that have been exposed to the cold night air. Merchants arrive, their donkeys laden with produce, skins for the famous tanners and dyers, chickens, earthenware pots, fruit, or with their carts laden with goats or sheep.

The day passes quietly. Dusk is the witching hour. Then, with a surprising suddenness, Djemaa el Fna erupts. Kebab-sellers, with their charcoal grills mounted on handcarts or tricycles, do a roaring trade; men and veiled women, in garments of every hue, gather and form appreciative, but not very remunerative, audiences for the entertainers who eat fire, swallow swords, charm snakes, bang cymbals, play amazing sitar-guitar-mandoline-type instruments, and dance in an ever-increasing crescendo that leaves the onlooker gasping.

That is Marrakech, Red Pearl of the South—city of yesteryear, city of contrast, where past and present merge in exciting abandon, and where the tactful visitor is so very welcome.

With compliments

Apart from my indefatigable, generous and charming host (and friend), Mr. A. Hajouji, of the Moroccan National Tourist Office, I had the good fortune, and pleasure, to meet Mr. Ahmed Lasky, President and Director General of Royal Air Maroc—one of the diligent, courteous and business-like Moroccans who are doing so much to put their country in the forefront of tourism.

I am not renowned for being over-complimentary (I feel readers deserve an honest appraisal of a country), but I must mention that I have seldom enjoyed a more comfortable or more efficiently conducted flight than

I had between Heathrow and Tangier in one of Royal Air Maroc's new Caravelles.

This is the graceful, Moroccan method of writing "Royal Air Maroc"

The food would have satisfied even my colleague, Col. Sammy Lohan. But the interesting point is that, on the return flight, with Mr. Lasky as companion, nothing was changed—it was just excellent all the way. And, this brings me to one more point so far as air travel in concerned. Any airline that is a member of the International Air Transport Association is bound by law to give you the same seat width, the same leg room, and the same amount of food as its other members. *The only aspect of flight service that is not controlled is the quality.* So, for me, I still prefer in most instances "the little shop on the corner", provided the equipment is modern—for I find it is there that one still gets the quality.

We have all heard of Casablanca, but the best advice I can give is, "Forget it". Despite the fact that Normandy Ferries, of London, E.C.2, will take you there, car and all, between November and May, in three days at very low rates, there is little to recommend it to the British—except Le Cabestan Restaurant, out by Hank's lighthouse.

I stayed the night at the Anfa-Plages holiday camp motel. The bungalows were adequate but badly maintained; coat racks were hanging from the wall; light switches did not work, and were lying with exposed wires, and the place died at 9 p.m.

Rabat—Royal city

Moving north to Rabat, along excellent roads —but with practically no means of communication if the car broke down—I became convinced that Morocco is not yet ready for motorists who are not their own mechanics and equipped with spares. And this despite the genuine excellence of the roads. I do hope something can be done about this, as Casablanca, despite itself, is the key to Southern Morocco.

Morocco's capital, Rabat, with the incredible Oudaia Kasbah, built in 1150, and the 200 square acres of the Musselman medina, is intersected with wide, graceful boulevards, and studded with imposing government buildings. The huge, treeless parade ground on which people congregate to pay homage to the King on various festive occasions—particularly at the end of Ramadan—adjoins the Royal palace, from which the King leaves, with great ceremonial, every Friday, to attend the Jama el Fahs mosque.

Not far from this regal splendour lie the ruins of very ancient Berber houses, and the triumphal arch of the Roman Sala Colona. Also, within sight, is the great minaret known as the Hassan Tower, all that remains of a great underground enclosure for elephants.

The history of Rabat is almost limitless, and scant justice can be done to it in these columns. It is a city of fashion, culture and commerce, a city of modern salons of *haute couture*, of one-man workshops, Moorish cafés and magnificent mosaics and carvings.

The hotels are excellent and, again, reasonable and the Hotel Tour Hassan should be noted not only for its service and cuisine, but for the very high standard of its décor and comfort.

Allah's horsemen

Before moving on to Fes, and quoting the words of Hans Seligo, "*About ninety miles to the south, in the real heart of Morocco, are three places completely different in origin and importance but all with a fateful connection—Fes, Moulay-Idriss and the now-ruined city of Volubilis.*

"*At the time of Haroun al-Rashid, Caliph of Bagdad and contemporary and friend of Charlemagne, the Sherif Moulay Idriss entered Volubilis, then already one thousand years old, at the head of a desert-hardened army of horsemen from the Yemen to make this, the Roman capital of Mauretania, the centre of Islam. In the Orient, the city was even then known for its wonderful marble temples, sculptures, luxurious baths and mosaic floors . . .*"

My pictures give some idea of what remains but, standing there as I did, one very hot September day last year, I almost heard those Yemeni horsemen—Allah's horsemen—who found almost what I found, nothing but

ruins, and all the valuables stolen.

They withdrew to the nearby hills, to a towering height farther to the east, where they thrust their spears into the ground to trace out an encampment, as was their custom. From this an Arab medina, surrounded by walls, developed—Moulay-Idriss, the holiest in the Kingdom, and named after the founder of Morocco's first dynasty.

Today the town is inhabited exclusively by Moslems, and is forbidden to Christians after dark, but as the great Moroccan moon rises, the huge, green, pyramidal roof of the mausoleum in which Moulay Idriss lies buried, gleams with an emerald intensity.

Passing through Meknes, with its huge square and monumental gateways, Bab Mansour and Bab Nouar, we travelled the road to Fes, where the medina comprises such a maze of streets and alleyways that a guide is essential. Here, the souks are very picturesque, and the Karaouyine Mosque, built in the 9th century, is the largest in North Africa.

One should allow two days to study Fes, for there is so much of original interest to see that to soar through like an impatient culture vulture would be an insult to the incredible architectural detail and workmanship of its ancient buildings.

At the time of Haroun al-Rashid, Caliph of Bagdad (763), the town of Volubilis was already 1,000 years old, making the condition of these mosaics and baths all the more remarkable

Land of the Riffs

Leaving Fes, and heading north through the great Riff mountains, we come to what I consider to be the most suitable part of Morocco in which to spend a holdiay. Visit the imperial cities, on the special tours that can be arranged, by all means, *but do not attempt to do the whole country if you have but* 14 *days in which to do it.*

Standing near the Pillars of Hercules to the west of Tangier, one can often see, particularly on a moonlight night, a phosphorescent-like strip of water which appears to stretch from Morocco across to Spain like a giant, silver sea-serpent. That is where the Atlantic meets the Mediterranean—and where the European visitor will first meet the tradition, style, character and bewitching charm of Morocco.

The whole of Northern Morocco will amply repay the intelligent inquisitiveness of the visitor—particularly such places as the little town of Chechaouen, or Chaouen, originally a town of refuge, a fortress where

the Moslems, oppressed by the Christians occupying Ceuta, could find a refuge. Dating from only 1741 A.D., Chaouen suddenly appears in front of you, rising in tiers on the slopes of the Laloa and Mezgane mountains, which form part of the Djebel Ech Chaou—"the horns", in Berber.

One thousand feet up, in a fold of the massive Riff, the greenness, the glint of sun on the minarets, the constant tinkle of the mountain streams, the huge blocks of granite, the orchards, and the remarkable skill of the local craftsmen will enthral the visitor. Among the mediaeval-like towers of Chaouen's kasbah lies the famous souk where the Riffs sell their goat-hair blankets, wide-brimmed hats, guns, sabres, daggers, and a million other things.

The white city

But, when talking of craftsmanship, one must mention the Fine Arts and Folklore School in Tetuan, set up in 1925 to maintain and teach young Moroccans the ancestral handicraft methods. Boys and girls, men and women, under experts, learn the various crafts—carpet-making, weaving, cabinet-making, wood-carving, pottery, metal work in all forms, leather binding (what better than "Morocco-bound"?), silver-work, embroidery, plaster-carving, making of arms, and, of course, the art of mosaic, in which Moroccans are supreme.

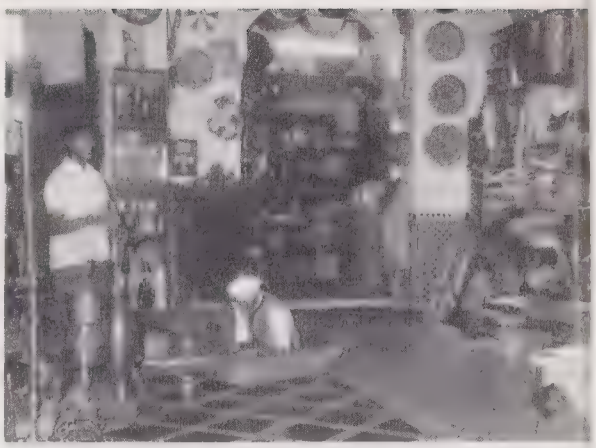
But Tetuan, on the slopes of Mount Djebel-Dersa, is also a city of pavement gossipers who squat, faces invisible under Franciscan-type pointed cowls, and discuss the problems of their sun-drenched, leisurely world.

Known also as the White City, for the simple reason that almost every house is painted brilliant white, Tetuan is not a city where the uninitiated should wander alone at night.

The life of the Tetuanais centres around the medina, or old walled town—probably the most characteristic in the whole of Morocco. It is also where King Hassan II maintains one of his palaces, and the area seethes with life and colour.

Six miles of beach

About half-an-hour's drive from Tetuan lies one of the most interesting and perfect holiday coasts I have seen anywhere. Between Taifor and Smir, where Morocco turns her back on the Atlantic and smiles at the Mediterranean, is the six miles long beach of Cabo Negro and the Hotel Altair, while, almost next door, a modern fishing village has been built into the hill.



The Palais Mnebhi, at 15 Souikte Ben Safi, Fes, is a souvenir-hunter's paradise. There is also a restaurant, and a cafe giving a panoramic view of the city

The standards of both are quite remarkable; luxurious without being ostentatious—again, the art of the Moroccan architect is evident—modern in the extreme without any sacrifice of comfort, and a landscape which could well develop into one of the loveliest areas of the Mediterranean.

Tangier has everything

And all within such easy reach of Tangier—conquered by the Portuguese in 1471, and then given to England as part of the dowry of the Portuguese Princess Catherine of Braganza on her marriage, in 1662, to Charles II.

Twenty-two years later England abandoned Tangier to the Sultan of Morocco. Today, in their wisdom, Tangier is no longer abandoned by the British, particularly the British tourist, who has found in Tangier a corner of Africa that has everything the tourist can desire—within easy, effortless reach.

I will not dwell on the intriguing charm of old Tangier, the great Medina, the Kasbah overlooking the Straits of Gibraltar, the multi-coloured minarets from which the muezzins call the faithful to prayer, the fragrance of mint, the strains of Andalusian music, the sunlit squares and the dark, bustling alleyways; what has Tangier to offer the tourist?

The attractive, modern bar in the new 68-room Hotel Tidighine, at Ketama, the ski-ing and hunting resort between Chaouen and Fes

The answer is simple. Everything.

The Rif Hotel, for example—like a miniature Taj Mahal, and included in many package tours. Offering every comfort, excellent food, and a beautiful swimming pool, bordered by coconut palms, strelitzias, banana trees, oleanders, hibiscus, giant lantanas and bougainvilleas, the Rif is a "must".

Brown bellies and red mullet

There are others—some considerably cheaper but none with quite the same atmosphere. When I was there, a few months ago, the windows were wide open. There was not a fly among the palm trees which line the main promenade. A little way along the coast, in the Garden of Hesperides, where Hercules killed the dragon, all was peace—except for the occasional blast from an incoming ship.

In the Rif, where I was sitting, cross-legged, there was, by contrast, a riot of sound and colour as a troupe of refugee Ghanaians entertained us with their traditional dances.

They were quickly followed by three voluptuous belly-dancers who did their utmost to distract me from the delicious Moroccan-style meal (you use bread rather than knife and fork) which comprised an excellent soup, a 12 lb. red mullet, stuffed with mushrooms, olives, other minced fish and onions, and, of course, couscous, the national dish of Morocco, always served at the end of a meal. This is a pity, because one can seldom enjoy more than a few mouthfuls, and after such a labour of culinary art one would like to do greater justice to the effort.

Tangier's night-clubs, oriental dance shows, restaurants for every nationality, and innumerable bars offer a bewildering choice to the visitor—as do the shops.

First lesson for tourists

But one lesson must be learned, and that is the art of bargaining. It is a part of Moroccan life, and a charming one. Broadly speaking, it seldom does to pay much more than half the original asking price. Be polite, persistent, and prepared to walk away. The chances are that a small boy will run after you, and ask you to come back. If he does not, the price is fair—so *you* go back, as you will go back to Morocco.

Note: *Full information regarding Morocco, and a variety of interesting and very helpful literature is available, free, from the Royal Moroccan Tourist Office,* 174 *Regent Street, London, W.*1.

THROUGH A WINEGLASS GAILY

BY COL. SAMMY LOHAN

As the French say, in order to spring forward better you have to go back a bit. So I began by taking a look back at 1968. My job is to write about the enjoyment of food and wine, and for that reason I found that 1968 made me a little more vulnerable than usual.

By and large 1968 was a bad-tempered year. There were some sunny intervals; but our capacity for enjoyment was diminished or frustrated by unpleasant event piled on unpleasant event. There was plenty of news, and most of it bad.

Perhaps the most despicably stupid of any of man's activities during 1968 was the unrepentant creation of new millions of starving and homeless people. This act of folly was all the more ironic because starving Chinese as a moral myth have ceased to exist (they can now afford to toast their very own costly thermo-nuclear explosions in a sufficiency, if not an abundance, of rice wine).

I cannot say how often I have been asked how on earth I can write about food and wine while millions are starving. It would be silly to argue by analogy and ask how others can write about travel while freedom of movement is also denied to millions. But I do say that the question is invalid for many reasons. Primarily the solution to the problem of mass starvation can come only from a massive revolution in men's hearts and minds. The problem will not be solved by any conscience-sobering donations of half-crowns to good works or by exhibitionists' acts of starvation on church steps; and it certainly won't be solved by my ignoring the relevance of food and drink to our every-day lives.

I am concerned with enjoyment, not gluttony. Enjoyment can only come when ordinary appetites have been refined; it is a deliberate act in the art of appreciation. By its nature enjoyment always involves someone else; it must be shared. I am also convinced that enjoyment is one of the most economical manifestations of happiness since, in my terms at least, it means getting value for money.

I know that 1968 was a bad year for grapes and wine making. But I feel sure that when our starry-eyed statisticians start nibbling at 1968 they will inform us that more wine was consumed in Great Britain than ever before (and that goes for those splendid Scots who enjoyed all that there was of the 1968 sunshine).

It is easy to predict that 1969 will be able to sneer at its predecessor when it comes to statistics about British consumption of wine. We shall drink gallons of wine from Algeria, Australia, Austria, Israel, Italy, Jugoslavia, Luxembourg, Madeira, Portugal, Sardinia, South Africa, Spain, Switzerland, Tunisia and even from the United Kingdom if the sun shines on the Sussex vineyards of my friends Merrydown of Horam.

Britain gets the best

Most people I have met in the wine trade are courteous almost to the point of diffidence. They are superb hosts and manage to give the impression that the only reason they got up that morning was to entertain their guests. They are a very knowledgeable group. They are very proud of their trade and their professional standards. They are exceptionally honest. For all these reasons there will always be good wine in Britain. Perhaps Britain will always have the best wines in the world, no matter from where those wines come.

But the wine trade has undergone a revolution. Financial control of the trade is now vested in about half-a-dozen huge business empires. Wisely these empires have respected the integrity of the old merchants. Where quality is required in the trade, quality has been maintained. The really extraordinary

out in the trade has been the conversion of the British public to the drinking of huge [illegible] of ordinary wine. For better or worse wine is in the supermarket. Indeed a range called 'Babette' has been launched by Wineways (Supermarkets) Limited especially for this kind of outlet. The range includes a sparkling wine, as well as the ordinary red, white and rosé.

Grants of St. James's have a truly splendid line named 'Nicolas'; under this brand is *Cantenal*, a medium bodied red, *Chassepré*, a medium dry white, *Vieux Ceps*, a full bodied red, *Sciatino*, a medium dry rosé, and *Bergerac*, a medium sweet wine. These wines average out at well under 12s. a *litre* bottle. Next time you have a dinner party with, say, potted shrimps or grilled sardines as a starter, roast duck as a main course and apple crumble as a dessert, try a bottle of *Chassepré*, *Vieux Ceps* and *Bergerac* in that order with each course. You will be surprised at your popularity rating, especially if you chill the first and last of the wines.

If you have a television set you will know by now that under the brand name 'Don Cortez', Grants of St. James's have a range of Spanish wines that are even cheaper than the French 'Nicolas', since a bearded gentleman will tell you they are '*less than ten bobs a bottle*'. (Someone ought to tell Don Cortez that a litre contains more than an ordinary bottle).

Recently some excellent varieties of French wines have been put on the market by Imported Wines Limited under the name *Margnat Vin d'Honneur*. The firm of Margnat is well known in France where it is one of the biggest, if not the biggest, producer of *Vins Ordinaires*. Imported Wines Limited present *Vins d'Honneur* to the British public making no pretentions about the wines except that they are strictly "no nonsense". They offer four wines: *Rouge Robuste*, a full bodied red wine, *Blanc Doux*, as the name suggests a sweet white wine, *Blanc Sec*, a crisp dry white, and *Rouge*, a soft claret type. The Margnat wines average out at 12s. 6d. a bottle.

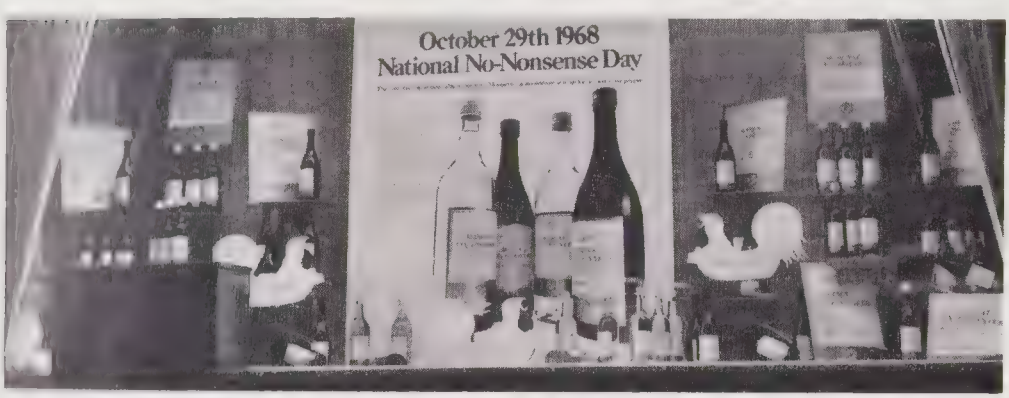
At another simple dinner party try the *Blanc Sec* with any fish dish (try smoked haddock simmered in milk and butter and served with a cream and tomato sauce), the *Rouge* with roast lamb and the *Blanc Doux* with bananas fried in crisp batter. It will be quite an exciting exercise in combining wine with food.

Shepherd's delight

There seems no end to the list of good table wines newly come to market. At one end the giant International Distillers and Vintners have presented from Portugal a light red wine with a touch of sweetness and have called it Doçura (it goes with almost anything); at the other end of the scale Shepherd Neame of Faversham, a comparatively small but independent brewery, have made a start with their aptly named Bergère brand (my wife takes most kindly to their white and I like the Bordeaux). The price is between 11s. 3d. and 16s. a bottle.

None of these wines carries so-called "vintage" dates because they are wines that are blended specifically to ensure that their character and appearance do not vary. (Few wines in the cheap ranges merit that little label "1961", "1966", or what have you; it indicates nothing at all except perhaps that the wine was put into the bottle during that year.)

Margnat *Vins d'Honneur* that have been available since last October



What you pay for a bottle of wine in a restaurant depends on many factors. I have just examined 70 wine lists of London restaurants, right through the gamut—Dorchester, Savoy, L'Aperitif, Snooty Fox and way, way down to little places in Chelsea and all points of the compass from Charing Cross. The average lowest price was 25s. a bottle and the average highest 148s. a bottle. Most of the wine round about 28s. is certainly drinkable, but not of any character; the wine around 148s. a bottle gave me indigestion because of the price, but invariably it was excellent.

Bubbling gently

The point I want to make is this: for less than 148s. you could get 12 bottles of any of the table wines I have mentioned. I leave that subject to bubble away gently for the moment. But I shall come back to it.

Throughout the country, wine merchants go ahead happily and ably selling the cheap table wines; but, at the same time, they are gently reminding and educating the public about the better wines.

I recently visited Gilbert and John Greenall's distillery near Warrington where they make a remarkable gin called "1761". I learned a lot about gin; but what intrigued me was the way Greenall's organised wine tastings; indeed they have formed a "1761" Wine Society. Quite rightly they charge enough to cover costs of wine and buffet meals. They start with a short general talk on wine, then they get down to the serious business of tasting. On the tastings sheet there are full notes about the wines; most importantly this includes the price.

Members of the Society may start with a 1962 Château de Gardera (Cordier). They are told frankly that, although 1962 was a good year, the place of growth produces relatively inexpensive wines. They are told that Greenall's bottled the wine themselves. But the members discover that this particular claret is better-than-average. They note the price—12s. 6d. a bottle.

Eventually members will come to the tasting of a 1959 Château Pichon Longueville. Here is a king among wines, born in an exceptionally good year within an area of unimpeachable reputation. Again they note the price—40s.

Now the scene changes. One of the members of the "1761" Wine Society finds himself in a London West-End restaurant. He would like a 1959 Château Pichon Longueville with his saddle of lamb. He looks at the price—80s. ! ! ! Exactly twice the price that he can get it from his retailer at home.

Corkage overheads

Now I can justify a West End restaurant having to charge 80s. for a bottle of wine that may cost only 40s. for drinking at home. Factors that spring to mind immediately are wages (a good restaurant has a sommélier and one assistant at a minimum), S.E.T., rates, rent, heating, maintenance, cleaning, lighting, laundry and so on and so on. I reckon that it costs about 40s. a year to keep a bottle of wine in a London restaurant's cellar.

The big question is: Will the customer (who has been educated about an exceptional wine costing 40s. at home) accept that he must pay double prices in restaurants? Will he accept 100 per cent marking up? My guess is that he will not.

Now I come back to the little delicacy I left stewing away a while back. The same man who has become punch-drunk over his 1959 Château Pichon Longueville, will recall that for the cost of the most expensive bottle on that London West End wine list, he can get 12 bottles of perfectly drinkable wine at home.

While all this unpleasant comparison of costs has been going on, people like the Greenall's have been whetting appetites for better and better wines.

The public is also being well educated on the subject of wine (and eating) by newspapers and magazines. Few countries have more competent authorities on wine and food than ourselves.

This is my prediction for 1969: the British public will demand better and better wines and more and more of them. They will make an odious comparison between the cost of wine at their retailers and the cost of the same wine in restaurants. They will refuse to accept wine at enhanced prices. But the public will also want to eat out more and more. Something has got to give.

I have said that enjoyment means getting value for money. Perhaps after all I have a small valid niche in the big scene. Perhaps I shall be able to explain the restaurants' dilemma to the customer, and the customers' needs to the restaurants. I think I shall enjoy 1969.

Monarch on milkweed

Photograph: Stephen Dalton

ATLANTIC TRAVELLERS BY L. HUGH NEWMAN F.R.E.S.

The American Monarch is a remarkable butterfly, not only in size and appearance but even more in performance. It has long been known that it is capable of crossing the Atlantic without the assistance of shipping and last autumn a record number arrived in Britain. The first was seen and recognized in Weymouth on October 3rd and from then on, until the end of the month, Monarchs were reported from many places, along the south coast as well as inland.

A lady living in Dorchester watched ten of these butterflies all together, feeding from michaelmas daisies in her garden and several specimens were noticed by a party of visiting naturalists in the Scilly Isles. Two little girls, living near Truro, wrote to the British Museum, reporting the capture of a Monarch with a torn wing, and apparently very tired, trying to find nourishment among the fallen apples in their orchard. They tried to keep the butterfly alive, but the journey had been too strenuous and within a day or two it died and was then sent along to the museum. Another specimen, flying down a street at Bexhill-on-Sea, was caught by a gentleman who threw his coat over it, and this one also is now preserved at the local museum, commemorating the great migration of 1968.

In their native land Monarchs are noted travellers, but avoid crossing the sea if they can. In the spring they fly northward through the United States, many of them reaching Canada, and when autumn comes their progeny gradually flock together on their journey back south and finally settle for the winter, in vast numbers, in certain well known groups of trees in California and Florida. It is on this autumn journey that unusual weather conditions sometimes interfere with their normal passage south, and in places along the coast where they have to cross wide bays of the Atlantic to avoid a long detour over land, they are sometimes swept out to sea on strong westerly gales.

The normal speed of a Monarch in purposeful flight is around 30 m.p.h. and with a following wind they can reach more than twice this speed, which means that the Atlantic crossing can be accomplished in about 36 hours and they will find themselves on the coast of Britain or southern Ireland. Unfortunately they cannot survive the winter here and neither can they breed, because milkweed, the only food plant of the caterpillars, does not grow in Britain.

The Game Warden TERENCE CUNEO

ART IN OUR TIME

TERENCE CUNEO—one of Great Britain's most admired pageantry and industrial artists is a great lover of South African wild life which he says continuously inspires him.

Although his most enjoyed work is that of painting coastal scenes, mountains, polo ponies and wild life, Cuneo is today commissioned to paint great ceremonial occasions, as for instance the Lying in State of Sir Winston Churchill and the Ceremony of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor.

He has also had the honour of Her Majesty the Queen sitting for over 15 portraits.

The size of the above print is 24×32 in. Price £3 7s. 6d.

A STUDENT, Frank Wootton studied at Eastbourne College of Art under Eric Ravilious and Reeve-Fowkes, and gained the Travelling Scholarship and Gold Medal.

During the last war he was invited by the C.-in-C. Allied Air Forces, Sir Trafford Leigh Mallory, to a special duty Commission as Official War Artist to the Royal Air Force.

In this capacity, Wootton saw service in Normandy, India and Burma, and many subjects painted during this period are now with the Imperial War Museum. Others are hanging in R.A.F. Command Stations throughout the country.

Since the war, Frank Wootton has renewed his interest in landscape painting and has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters and many other galleries.

The artist has travelled extensively in carrying out special commissions and a large number of his paintings have been purchased for permanent collections.

The size of the print below is 22×32 in. price £3 7s. 6d.

Prints of both pictures are available from Felix Rosenstiel's, 13 Queen's Road, London S.W.19

The Ploughing Match FRANK WOOTTON

Judy Champneys visits the centre of wine-making, chateaux, inns, forests and farms, where British visitors feel welcome — they can camp, follow outdoor recreations and enjoy gourmets' delights — in the too-often-overlooked Grand Duchy —

LUXEMBOURG

WHAT do you know about Luxembourg? This is a question that you can put to any number of people and get an equal number of vague replies, ranging from—"*The commercial radio station*", "*The place in 'The Count' operetta*" or "*Where Blood-and-Guts Patton's army went through the Ardennes.*"

All are facts and, though 'the Count' may be fictional, it is said that his character was inspired by a nobleman from Hesperange. But such impressions are hardly fair comment on this great little Grand Duchy where, in the thousand years old capital, one can see the remains of an ancient fortress which, for centuries, was one of the most powerful in the world.

So, students of history apart, who would want to go to Luxembourg—and why? In my view almost anyone from Britain, except those who insist on 'chips with everything' plus scorching sunshine by the sea—and the jet set. Though the capital has a few night spots, like Charley's, generally speaking, one does not go to Luxembourg to live it up; one goes for outdoor amenities like huntin', shootin' and fishin', or just camping, hiking, riding and watersports plus really good eating (at very fair prices) and drinking (wine and beer are both good and cheap). With all these things go surroundings of great historical interest, beautiful scenery and, above all, friendliness of the people. In addition there are few language problems—most Luxembourgers speak English, apart from their own dialect, as well as French and German.

Night clubs may be scarce—but who, in their right minds goes abroad for the night-clubs? Restaurants stay open late and there is an established tradition of the family eating out in their own town or village (as in France).

Saturated but smiling

One does not need an excuse for a celebration in Luxembourg. It is a country steeped in ancient customs and festivals, which are held with regularity throughout the year—and their gaiety is infectious.

Last September there was an unusually wet spell during the Wine Festival—torrential when the long carnival procession wended its way through Grevenmacher. Nevertheless, countless visitors (and Luxembourgers) stood happily for hours watching the seemingly endless array of colourful floats with satu-

rated, but smiling, occupants ("Bacchus" included), interspersed with a dozen or more uniformed, military—(sort of)—type bands—so many that I lost count.

After the procession most of us danced ourselves dry in the Co-operative Wine Cellar while wine flowed as freely as the rain.

Holidaymakers often take a gamble on weather wherever they go but, perhaps, less so in Luxembourg. Here, severe weather is rare, temperatures are usually mild, and they have less rain than their western neighbours all of which is in some way due to the geographical position.

Attracts the individual

So far, package tours have not made much impact but some, such as those for the Benelux countries, include odd days in Luxembourg in their itineraries. But they had 43,783 British visitors in 1967, in addition to the many campers, scouts and students who went there. The majority of visitors were short-term holiday makers; others were people making return visits—and those who, like myself, left with the intense urge to 'come again next year.'

From the point of view of a holiday for a change, rest and relaxation, as distinct from a pressurised sight-seeing tour, Luxembourg has it all. Furthermore, it is less expensive than most West European countries.

Thos. Cooks organise 8-day tours from about £28, which include sea and rail fare plus bed and breakfast at a second-class hotel in Luxembourg city. Travelling by air costs a few pounds more but is, in my opinion, well worth it, not only for the extra time that it gives you in the Duchy, but for comfort and speed of travel.

Happy motoring

This is a country for happy motoring. Even in the capital traffic is sparse by our standards. For scenery, drive through the small towns and villages of the Ardennes.

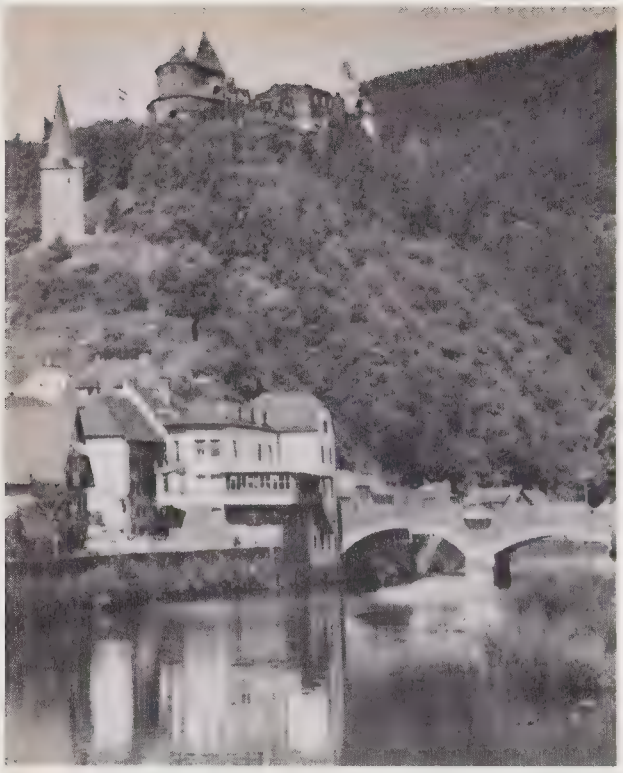
If you start from Luxembourg city you can take the road via the Valley of the Seven Castles, passing Ansemberg Castle, the White Friars monastery of Marienthal (which has housed a number of Scottish monks, and also boasts a small African museum), 12th century Hollenfels Castle—through Tuntage, Bettborn, and Eschdorf on the plateau over the Upper Sûre river—for lovely scenery.

Follow the river valley west to Bigonville village where, if you like old, rural inns, you will want to stay at the Hotel Molitor (like many in the Duchy, it is family owned). From here you may ride, fish, bathe, take a canoe on the river—or just walk—if you like countryside and wildlife. At a nearby farm I saw a kestrel make off with a small rodent; and, wandering around the fields at the back of the hotel, made friends with Madame Molitor's horses (the easy way—with sugar lumps and peppermints).

Both mine host, Monsieur Molitor and his wife are young, with-it and interested in people. They have a place where you can be sure of individual attention and cheery conversation. Needless to say the cuisine is well up to the high standard which people both

Opposite and below—typical views of Luxembourg's capital

Photographs: Michael Andrews



9th century Vianden

expect and get in Luxembourg.

On arrival I noticed a sucking pig (wild boar) being roasted on a turning spit over an open fire in the dining room, while diners took apéritifs in the adjoining bar—a warm and inviting atmosphere on a thoroughly chilly, drizzly autumn day.

One can continue north through the Ardennes to Troisvierges, a pleasant, historic place of particular interest to campers; here there is a most pleasantly situated camp, complete with heated swimming pool and other amenities, and a large, indoor centre (for rainy days) should be ready for this coming season.

Further south, along the river Our, lies Vianden—a fascinating, old, rampart-encircled, 9th century town. Towering above the maze of undulating, cobbled streets are the remains of the old castle—a feudal fortress of the Orange-Nassau dynasty.

Heavenly awakening

All around are historic buildings like the museum of Victor Hugo, the 13th century Trinitarian church, and the former monastery —now the Hotel Heinz. Don't be deterred by the name—it is quite delightful and has much old-world charm. Here you might wake in the morning thinking you're in heaven, but it will only be the distant, melodious chanting of the monks at early mass from the chapel; from the balcony of my hotel room I could just see this lovely old building on the other side of the ancient, flower-bedecked courtyard.

Smooth running of the hotel comes under the watchful eye of Monsieur Hansen, and his vivacious wife who knows how little things count—personal greetings, the gift of welcome (superb chocolates), and fresh coffee with a smile—even after midnight. I liked the plain tables and benches in the bar—and the draught beer—also the delicatessen next door, who opened the shop for a few minutes on a Sunday morning just because I wanted to buy a locally made salami to take home.

Incidentally rooms at the Heinz are from around 25s. a day (full board prices start at 2 guineas).

Dancing in Echternach

There are countless small places that are fun to explore but, unless you have a car, it is, perhaps, better to concentrate on the larger centres. Echternach, for example, is a most attractive town where one can wander round picturesque, historic buildings, the huge park, or woods—and rest beside a waterfall.

The world-renowned dancing festival (such a popular and gay affair) is held here at Whitsun.

The Moselle valley is another delightful area, where you can travel the leisurely way, by steamer along the river—and have an excellent lunch served on board. If you like to watch the river, stay at the Hotel Simmer, in Ehnen, where you may get a room (like the one I had) overlooking the Moselle. Another very pleasant spot is the spa of Mondorf-les-Bains.

Anyone without a car can see most of these places either by coach or train; the railways offer all-round-tour tickets, for moderate cost.

When planning a holiday in Luxembourg, I suggest that you go there either in spring or autumn, for places like Echternach get somewhat crowded in July and August; also, as in many countries, summer prices tend to be higher—and, alas, this one has to consider while we still have our fatuous sterling restrictions on travel, apart from personal economics.

In any case, there are plenty of interesting events held in spring and autumn, such as the wine tasting day at Wellenstein and the Emais'chen festival in Luxembourg city at Easter.

Cost of living in the city may be slightly

[illegible] and, if you want to celebrate with an [illegible]ellent meal, I can recommend the Hotel [illegible]bitor restaurant (no connection with the one previously mentioned) or the Restaurant [illegible], a really elegant establishment run by Monsieur and Madame Jacques Demarque; [illegible] that surprisingly they have, tucked away in the basement, a bowling alley. And there is Namur, famous for pastries, tea and coffee. There are others, too, but for all-in costs to suit every pocket, it is as well to study the comprehensive literature from the Luxembourg National Tourist Office, 66 Haymarket, London S.W.1—they will be happy to send out details of what you want to know, for the asking.

The best currency to take is Belgian, which is used throughout the Duchy, along with Luxembourg francs, but the latter (of equivalent value) are not negotiable currency abroad. Exchange rate at the time of writing is about 120 francs to the £ (i.e. 6 to 1s.).

For people with limited resources, under the age of 35, there are a number of youth hostels. Full details and guide booklets are available from the Luxembourg Youth Hostels Association, 24 Cote d'Eich, Luxembourg-Ville, Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

Camping costs vary from 1s. 4d. to 4s. 2d. per person plus 1s. 8d. to 4s. 2d. for caravan, or car and tent—according to the category and facilities of the camp.

Value and a welcome

However reasonable you may think prices, do not forget that the standard of living in the Duchy is high—so are wages; therefore quite a number of things cost more than at home; coffee and tea are about double; butter and clothes are more, but there are many goods and foodstuffs which, pricewise, are on a par with ours. On the whole, the value for money in eating out is far higher, though there are neither very cheap snack bars nor ritzy restaurants with over-rated cuisine at inflated prices (as one can find in London's West End).

Above all, Luxembourgers are glad to see British visitors; they may not give you a flamboyant welcome—but it will be a friendly one. They may not be any more demonstrative than the traditional English but, at least, they share the traditional sense of humour—rather quiet people, perhaps, but full of fun. You will like them—I did.

STAMPS

Cartoons from Czechoslovakia

BY ANTHONY POLLOCK

EASTERN European countries especially are fond of stamps honouring "culture", but never has there been a set like one just issued by the independent-minded Czechs.

The culture is there all right—but is presented in the form of caricatures.

"Confessional caricatures" is the phrase used by the Czech Post Office for the seven stamps which have been produced by Professor Adolf Hoffmeister, painter, author and journalist, and professor of graphic art for life at the Academy of Applied Art at Prague. All of which means, for instance, that Ernest Hemingway is shown as a big chunky individual, George Bernard Shaw—a prickly character—and Charlie Chaplin—on a circus tightrope, as one who has reached the ultimate in clowning.

The theme linking this trio is "Cultural Personalities of the 20th Century" and the others being honoured are Czech dramatist Karel Capek, Maxim Gorki, Pablo Picasso and Japanese painter and graphic artist Taikan Yokoyama.

The Czechs knew they were running a risk of offending some susceptibilities with these stamps—but world reaction is likely to be favourable.

The stamps are sure to be good sellers, for, as the Post Office justifiably says, they "*show a complete knowledge and appreciation of the individual works of each of the portrayed persons; they are confessions of friendship and respect for these works; they are approving and also a little pungent, as all proper caricatures should be*".

GARDENING TODAY

JOHN STREET reviews news of societies, questions traditional beliefs about lawn dressing and mole deterrent, and advises discretion in mulching

THE Royal National Rose Society has proved an exception to Professor Parkinson's law which says that organisations only acquire the perfect premises for their work when they are on the point of decay. The Society continues to flourish—perhaps because of its fine offices and trial grounds at Bone Hill, near St. Albans, rather than in spite of them. Two other specialist societies are now following this example.

New arrangements

Last autumn the National Chrysanthemum Society launched a campaign to raise a fund to acquire their own headquarters, and the National Association of Flower Arrangement Societies is contemplating a similar venture to mark its tenth anniversary.

George Gray and Jim Wilson signed a Trust Deed to establish the National Chrysanthemum Society's fund at the late-flowering show; this immediately brought in another £500 which had been promised by an anonymous donor as soon as the deed was signed. John Woolman, who has given all the proceeds from his autobiography "Green Fingers" to the fund, witnessed the signatures of the two trustees. He was signing copies of his book at the show where a raffle was held to guess the number of flowers on a "Charm" Chrysanthemum. Already the amount collected stands at well over £1,000.

N.A.F.A.S. (as they are popularly known) are as yet in the planning stage—but the great interest that is now taken in flower arrangement should make it easy for them to drum up enough support for this new project. The big floral event of their anniversary year will be the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral in July.

Rigid ruling

Specialist societies do much good in promoting their own particular flowers or forms of gardening. But, at the same time, they can also cause harm. Even the Royal National Rose Society has been criticised for favouring Hybrid Teas and Floribundas and neglecting climbers, shrub roses, old-fashioned roses and the species.

The National Chrysanthemum Society encourages the cultivation of exhibition blooms to the exclusion of the garden flowers —the old hardy types, the Sprays and the Koreans, for example.

N.A.F.A.S. lays down rules for judges in competitive classes, and the judges themselves seem to have fixed preferences for certain patterns and colour schemes.

The recently formed National Vegetable Society are also primarily interested in growing for showing—but they do keep their feet on the ground with recommendations on how to obtain good crops and improve flavour.

Know your onion sets?

They made a big contribution to what I call the lazy man's way of growing onions at the Royal Horticultural Society's Late Autumn Show. Mrs. Wright, of Watlington, near Oxford, exhibited some enormous onions in the class for those grown from sets. They looked as if they ought to have been in the "over 8 ozs. class" which is for onions grown from seed, with all that care and attention which produces champion bulbs. The variety of the sets from which they had been grown was "Big Fen Improved 1969". These seemed to me to be invaluable—for they would treble the yield of the ordinary set-grown onion for no more effort.

Dressing in blue

Wood ash was one of the old ingredients for the perfect onion bed, although modern science has proved that it has little manurial value, in spite of it having given Potash its name. I have a big open log fire which burns on bare brick, and I heard once that the ash was good for lawns.

Accordingly, I have been assiduously scattering it on part of mine, all through the autumn and winter; however, so far, I have noticed little difference—I have a feeling that modern science may be right, because, when I tested Autumn Toplawn (made by Pan Britannica Industries Ltd.) on another part, I could see an improvement within a couple of weeks.

This firm incorporates a blue colouring matter with its lawn fertilisers which enables you to see where you have been with the powder—a very useful innovation.

Persistent moles

Moles are my worst lawn problem. They are so bad that they occupy an hour of my precious week-end in clearing up their heaps of soil although I must confess that these do have a use.

I am extending the lawn down to the stream and there is a sharp dip where it joins the old border which is destined to become grass. The mole hills will fill this in nicely by the spring. Even so, they are a nuisance, and when that hollow in the ground is levelled off they will be more so.

I tried one of the many remedies for getting rid of them, one that I once found effective—to place a wine bottle in an opening in the run, with the neck pointing in the direction of the prevailing wind.

The theory is that this sets up a deep booming noise throughout the run and frightens the moles away. The trouble is that it only works if the angle of the bottle is just right and if the prevailing wind prevails. But, this time, light and variable breezes made it ineffective to the point where the moles made a derisory gesture by digging out three heaps round the bottle, where there was only one before.

Herbaceous capers

I have been promised some seed of the Caper Spurge (*Euphorbia Lathyrus*) which is said to keep moles away—but I am beginning to think that the trap is the only effective control. This plant, I understand, does not offer substitutes for capers, which is a pity—for I am very fond of these with boiled Mutton or in *Boeuf tartare*, and they are rather expensive to buy in bottles. I have never dared to try the seeds of nasturtiums which some cooks use as a good alternative.

The two herbs that I would never be without, even if I only had a window box, are mint for the new potatoes and parsley—to make sauce for boiled ham and for broad beans, which are nothing without parsley sauce.

Bernard Alfieri

Onions—"Ailsa Craig" planted April 20 (left)**, sets "Spot on" planted April 8** (right) **show comparative results at end of July**

Chaenomeles japonica

Fortunately, I can grow Parsley like the mustard and cress of the latter-day proverb, but some people find it difficult. Two tips I know that will aid germination are to pour boiling water on the seeds when they have been sown, or to soak them in boiling water the night before, dry them on blotting paper, then mix with sand, and sow.

Devil may care

With a little care, it is possible to have parsley all through the year, and now is the time to sow seeds under glass—the first outdoor sowing can be made in March. Winter protection can be given to late sowings by cloches, if you have them, or by large jam jars if you do not.

Incidentally, it is said to be a wonderful remedy for rheumatism—and one of the many superstitions and strange beliefs that surround this herb is that it should never be transplanted. This is said to be Devil's work.

Transplant operation

A mammoth transplanting operation has been carried out by Hilliers of Winchester. Last autumn they moved a 25 ft. Maple weighing 4½ tons to the site of the Chelsea Flower Show —to demonstrate how easy it is to move big trees with modern machinery.

The Maple will remain in the grounds of the Chelsea Hospital as a gift from the Royal Horticultural Society.

Bitter fruits

This year is the centenary of the introduction of *Chaenomeles japonica* or, as it is better known, *Cydonia Maulei*, or Maule's Quince. It is one of the most useful of all dwarf spring flowering shrubs because it will produce its scarlet flowers on any type of soil—acid or alkaline. The big quince-like fruits are very bitter to eat but they make good jelly which has been compared with the "Guava jelly" of the West Indies.

Japanese quinces have suffered from more name changes than most other plants. I go back to the time when they were all known as forms of *Pyrus japonica*. Then they became Cydonias and now Chaenomeles—and I believe that there was once a movement to rank some of them with the Lagenaria. When I finally managed to get my tongue round that awkward word "Chaenomeles" I was provoked into writing this near-clerihew on a shrub that will always be best known as "the Japonica"—

The genus **Chaenomeles**
Gives me the willies.
Oh! What a monicker
For the "Japonica".

Just about now the golden foliaged forms of the common Ling, *Calluna vulgaris*, are at their best. The old original is *Calluna vulgaris aurea* golden in the summer, bronze in the winter and, in the very early spring, it starts to show touches of pink.

Recently many new forms of this heather have been introduced and one of the best is Robert Chapman" with even brighter colouring

Ministering mulch

Mulching is the great cry at this time of year in gardening articles and calendars of what to do when. But mulches need to be applied with discretion. Any plants—like Tree Paeonies, Camellias and the earlier rhododendrons and azaleas—should be left until the risk of frost is past. Otherwise the mulch insulates the air above from the heat in the soil below.

If you have ever seen the difference after a spring frost between plants that have been left with bare earth and those that have been prematurely mulched you would realise that this is very sound advice indeed. It was given to me originally by Mr. L. P. Smith, the Man from the Ministry who really does know about the weather and how it affects plants.

The seed catalogues are out with all their tempting colour photographs of the new and the latest in annuals and biennials. Not all of these live up to the illustrations. One that came out two years ago has proved a good garden plant—the dwarf Foxglove "Foxy". It really will produce flowers within three months of sowing and it is almost perennial. My only complaint is about one of its so-called merits—the dwarf habit. I expect my foxgloves to be tall, and I like them that way.

Beat groups?

Quote for the month—from J. C. Loudon's "Encyclopaedia of Gardening"—"February—first week—Kalendar of animated nature round London. Bees come out of their hives, gnats play about, insects swarm under sunny hedges, and the earthworm lies out; hen chaffinches flock, and the song thrush or throstle, and the common lark, sing."

Photographs: Bernard Alfieri

COOKERY

WEST COUNTRY DELIGHTS

BY VERA DIXON

At this time of the year when armchair travelling is a pastime for most of us, thoughts turn to happy holiday haunts and quite invariably to our own glorious West Country.

From the depths of my own particular armchair, however, it is not the golden beaches, screeching gulls or surf-crested waves that bring on a fit of nostalgia. It is my memories of food, which date from childhood.

How clearly I remember a Cornish schoolroom with its black dragon of a stove puffing out acrid smoke from the middle of the floor. But what did that matter when the aroma of dozens of lunch-time pasties, put to warm on the top of our iron monster, wafted across and distracted us from one or other of the three "Rs".

Potato cake was a regular item for Sunday tea, served hot and oozing with butter. And when this was consumed, the Devonshire, or Cornish, splits would appear—split in halves as their name suggests and topped with jam and clotted cream.

Then there were the giant-sized saffron buns, the highlight of summer tea-treats. Small wonder we became fat and round, as well as rosy-cheeked.

But with food one remembers people. Mary, whose pasties were delectably out of this world; Bob who kept a professional eye on the spring greens and cauliflowers destined for town markets; Jim whose face shone with pride whenever he looked on his fine herd of Friesians and Peggy, his wife, who was responsible for the clotted cream which filled huge enamel bowls and which she, of course, sold by the pound and not by the pint.

And who could forget the indefatigable Wesley, who walked miles with his little handcart, selling the fresh pilchards which his brother, Tom, had spotted from a sloe-covered headland earlier that day, and had subsequently caught?

Speaking of headlands, memory recalls the superb quality of the Devon and Welsh sheep, and particularly the spring lambs. Consider yourself fortunate if you can buy any of these marvellous joints of meat from a local butcher.

Now back to the present and for some West Country recipes which, as always, are family favourites:—

CORNISH PASTY

4 oz. plain flour
Ice cold water to mix
4 oz. beefsteak
1 small potato, raw
Salt and pepper
1½–2 oz. beef dripping
A pinch of salt
1 small kidney
1 small carrot
1 medium-size leek.

Make pastry by rubbing the fat into the flour, add with the salt, and mix to a firm, dry dough with the water. Roll out fairly thinly into a plate-sized shape and put aside. Mince or chop the steak, skin and chop kidney, peel and slice the potato and dice; slice the leek and dice the carrot. Mix the vegetables together and season well.

Put a layer of the vegetables on one half of the pastry and cover with the meat, topping with the remainder of the vegetables. Brush the edges of the pastry with water, fold over, pinch firmly together and neatly twist so that steam can escape. Bake for half an hour in a hot oven (400°F. Reg. 7) to set the pastry, then reduce the heat and bake for a further three-quarters of an hour to cook meat and vegetables thoroughly.

POTATO CAKE
1 lb. potatoes
1 oz. butter
1 oz. flour
A pinch of salt.

Boil the potatoes and, when cooked, mash with the butter and mix well together. Add salt, sprinkle in flour and mix again. Roll out thinly on a floured board. Cut in rounds about the size of a saucer and place on a hot griddle or greased frying pan. Prick with a fork and cook approximately 3 min. on each side. Serve hot.

LEEK PIE
Pastry
6 oz. flour, plain
3 oz. lard
Water to mix.

1 lb. leeks
½ lb. streaky bacon, cut finely
1 gill of single cream
2 eggs well beaten
Pepper and salt to taste

Make pastry. Clean leeks and cut them into short lengths; place in a saucepan and boil in water until tender; strain and put into an ovenproof pie dish. Cover with pieces of

streaky bacon; add beaten eggs, seasoning and cream. Cover with pastry and bake in a moderate oven (350°F. Reg. 4) for approximately half an hour.

EXMOOR LAMB STEW
4 lean chops
1 oz. butter
8 small potatoes
4 small onions
4 tablespoons white breadcrumbs
4 oz. mushrooms
1 gill of white wine
1 gill of vegetable stock
1 gill double cream
Bouquet garni
Seasoning.

Trim chops, fry gently in butter. Remove from pan and into the fat, put potatoes (cut in half), the onions, whole, and chopped mushrooms. Cook for approximately 5 mins. Remove the vegetables and drain off any fat; add wine, stock, breadcrumbs and cream. Season and stir well. Then add bouquet garni. Return chops and vegetables to pan; cover and simmer until meat is tender. Remove bouquet garni.

The following recipe from Somerset should really be prefaced "first catch your rooks", but just in case . . .

ROOK CASSEROLE
4 rooks
1 oz. butter
2 rashers of fat bacon, cut into pieces
6 or 8 shallots
½ pt. stock (vegetable or chicken)
Salt and pepper
2 oz. raisins
1 level teaspoon arrowroot for thickening, optional.

Skin the rooks, using only the legs and breasts—all other parts are bitter. Soak legs and breasts in salt water overnight. Drain. Melt butter in casserole and brown meat. Lift out and keep hot. Brown the bacon and

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2 eggs well beaten
Pepper and salt to taste

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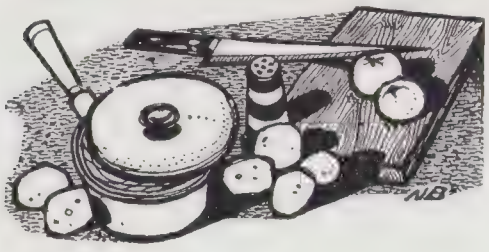

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1 oz. butter
8 small potatoes
4 small onions
4 tablespoons white breadcrumbs
4 oz. mushrooms
1 gill of white wine
1 gill of vegetable stock
1 gill double cream
Bouquet garni
Seasoning.

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6 or 8 shallots
½ pt. stock (vegetable or chicken)
Salt and pepper
2 oz. raisins
1 level teaspoon arrowroot for thickening, optional.

Skin the rooks, using only the legs and breasts—all other parts are bitter. Soak legs and breasts in salt water overnight. Drain. Melt butter in casserole and brown meat. Lift out and keep hot. Brown the bacon and

onions in the same butter. Return meat to casserole. Add enough stock to partly cover contents. Season.

Cook in a moderate oven (350°F. Reg. 4) for 1 hour. While this is cooking, soak stoned raisins in 2–3 tablespoons warm stock and add half an hour before end of cooking period. The gravy may be thickened with a level teaspoon of arrowroot slaked in a spoonful or two of sherry.

SPLITS
1 lb. plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ oz. yeast
1 teaspoon caster sugar
1 oz. butter or margarine
½ pt. skimmed milk.

Sieve the warmed flour and salt into a warm basin. Cream the yeast and sugar and melt the butter in the milk, pouring it when tepid onto the creamed yeast. Pour mixture into the centre of the flour and mix to a dough. Put to rise in a warm place for about an hour.

Cut dough into twelve pieces, knead each to a ball, then flatten with the hand into a round ½-in. thick. Allow to prove for 10 min. on a warm, greased and floured baking tin. Brush with milk and bake in a hot oven (425°F. Reg. 7) for 15–20 min.

SAFFRON CAKE
2 lb. flour
½ lb. lard
½ lb. butter
1 oz. yeast
¼ lb. caster sugar
¼ lb. finely shredded peel
¼ lb. currants
¼ lb. sultanas
Warm milk or milk and water
A good pinch of saffron (in thread or powdered form).

Infuse saffron overnight in a little hot milk or water, and strain carefully through muslin before use.

Sieve warmed flour with a little salt into a warm basin, with the sugar, reserving 1 teaspoonful. Rub the fat into the flour. Cream the yeast in a small basin with the teaspoonful of caster sugar; add a little milk and leave the mixture in a warm place to rise in the basin. Keep the flour warm until yeast has risen.

Then make a well in the centre of the flour and pour in the yeast with a little more warm milk, and scatter some of the flour over it. When the yeast works through, mix to a soft dough with the hand, adding the strained saffron while mixing. Allow to rise until the dough doubles its bulk.

Add the prepared and warmed fruit; beat very well and put back again to rise. Divide into two well-greased 8-in. cake tins or shape into buns, working in a little more flour, if necessary. Bake the cakes in a hot oven (425°F. Reg. 7) for 25 min., lowering heat to 375°F. Reg. 5 for a further 20 min. Bake buns for a total period of 20 mins.

HEAVY CAKE
1 lb. plain flour
A large pinch of salt
½ lb. butter
½ lb. lard
Cold water to mix
6 oz. currants, cleaned and prepared.

Sieve the flour and salt; divide the butter and lard each in half and rub one portion of butter into the flour. Add the currants and mix to a pliable dough with cold water. Roll out to an oblong strip; put a portion of lard in small pieces over the top two thirds of the mixture, and dredge with flour. Fold up. Turn the fold to the left hand and repeat twice more (in the fashion of flaky pastry). Roll out finally about 1-in. thick. Score the surface into small diamond shapes, which may be easily broken apart when the cake is baked. Brush with milk and bake in a hot oven (425°F. Reg. 7) for ½–¾ hr.

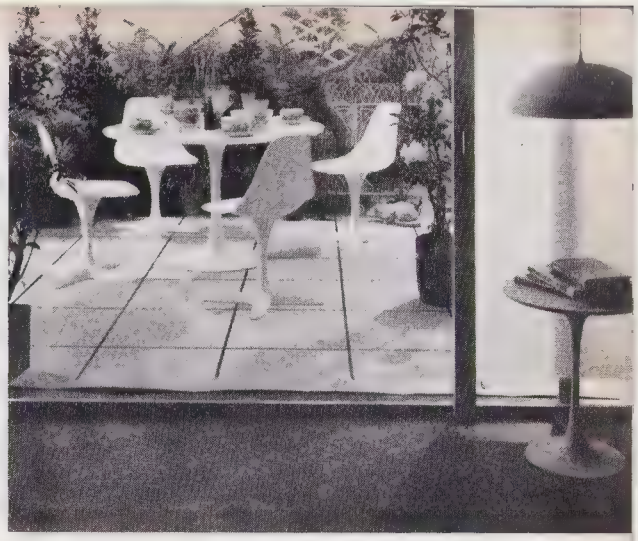
BLACKBERRY AND SLOE JELLY
2 lb. sloes
3 pts. water
8 lb. blackberries
5 lb. sugar.

Boil fruit well until bleached looking. Then squeeze through a piece of double butter muslin or a jelly bag. To 7 or 8 pts. of the juice add 5 lb. sugar and boil up as quickly as possible for about ½ hr. or less. Test setting point with a spoon and plate.

"Arkana"
by B.C.M.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S OUTLOOK—

ON FURNITURE



BUYING furniture is a test of discrimination because, invariably, what you buy you have to live with a long time—perhaps even a lifetime. It is usually expensive, unless you are lucky enough to get a bargain at a sale—auction or shop stock clearance.

Many of my contemporaries did not buy much of their furniture but inherited it and, like myself, have—gradually—weeded out the less attractive items and replaced them. I have spent a great deal of time during the post war years looking for good, second-hand furniture (because so much made during the early "Fifties"—and the "Thirties", too—was more thrown-together than craftsman-constructed). But, old furniture has often meant a great deal of work—stripping and resurfacing. I have heard Arthur Negus express slight horror at the idea but, much as I respect his judgment on antiques, I wondered why ? I appreciate the look of natural wood, and prefer to have it with the grain enhanced with plenty of clear wax polish—not disguised by dark stain or varnish. And French polishing is my *bête noire*—it appeals to me about as much as chromium plating in the lounge.

Gimson & Slater's "Perpetua" range

Progress and competition

I was delighted to see the British furniture industry really "finding their feet" during the "Sixties" and producing much that compared well with imported new designs—particularly from Scandinavia. It is also encouraging to see that progress continues in the light of great competition on the home market. In recent years our home has been gradually filled with new items of furniture, all British made, comparable in price with imports, and of excellent quality and finish; and these go with our natural looking, old oak pieces.

Competition in design is healthy, too. Encouraging this recently was the Donald Macpherson Furniture Company who last year arranged a competition to promote the use of "Carnival" wood stains (produced by their Industrial Coatings Division). The results (two prize-winning designs of versatile dining room groups) were on display at London's Design Centre last November.

I do not think we shall see anything revolutionary at the Furniture Show (on at Earl's Court until February 8th) other than the maintenance and widening of design ranges that are already established and popular, and no great increase in price. This is certainly the policy of Nathan's, who emphasise that they will NOT increase prices.

Scottish wool covers

I saw the new Gimson and Slater furniture that will be on display at the Show—their "Dormiro" bedroom range and "Perpetua"

Grieves Elliot "Layabout" multi-seats

units for living rooms, both constructed on a modular system, which seems to have an ever-increasing demand. These incorporate the use of synthetics and materials other than wood, but are well finished, of good quality and not cheap—but *good* furniture seldom is; what impressed me particularly was their upholstered furniture.

The styles are good, though rather on traditional lines (at least, in the contemporary sense). It was the fabrics that caught the eye—nearly all of them in Scottish pure wool and with an enormous choice of colours.

This type of covering for upholstered chairs not only looks good, but wears well. At home, ours—all British or Irish tweed wool covered —have stood up to several years of wear and tear (with animals in the house, too). Gimson and Slater do still manufacture the older, reproduction-Victoriana style of furniture, but I am told that much of this goes to the French market (*vive l'entente cordiale*).

Now in orbit

Taking a leaf out of an old craftsman's book was Peter Cutts, aged 25. Last year he designed furniture based on the centuries' old timber construction method used in the Eskimo Kayak; however, the designs had up-to-date names—Polaris and Gemini. They are two suites of rigid structure, comfort and durability that give the appearance of curvy sculpture rather than the cosy look of upholstery. These are marketed by Grieves Elliot, who will be exhibiting Polaris at the Furniture Show along with their newer ranges.

There is "Layabout", the versatile, multi-seat lounge furniture. This consists of five main units with more than a hundred permutations of seating which are self standing and do not require any special interlocking devices; they will be available in a wide range of cover fabrics and synthetic hides over high quality polyether foam and rubber webbing on traditional timber frames.

Other new ranges are "Tranquillity" giving pillow-softness to lounge chairs, and "Argosy" that offers a choice of three- or four-seat settee in vinyl or soft fabric covering.

The Yatton Group—Avalon Furniture and Bath Cabinet Makers Ltd. (now including Arkana Ltd.) have followed the demand for continuing and extending established ranges.

Modern classic

Arkana has become almost a classic in modern furniture; despite its prominence of white melamine and few natural materials, the curvaceous, contoured design has made this furniture acceptable to many whose taste is more in the antique or traditional. And, although scarcely suitable to put alongside old style decor and furnishings, Arkana goes well in a kitchen that is large enough to have a complete dining section, a breakfast or sunroom, if other surroundings are not "mod" enough.

More conventional taste should go for B.C.M's "Somerset" furniture for dining and living room. It not only has good looks and

"Country Pine" by Northovers

B.C.M.'s Teak finish dining room range

good line, but an easy-to-maintain finish; this resists staining as well—if not better than old furniture that has had hundreds of layers of wax polish applied to it.

With a similar standard of finish are B.C.M's "Format" bedroom (hall or living room) furniture units. These are designed to make the best use of available space whether vast or limited; it is both elegant and excellent.

For those with a limited budget to consider, I suggest a look at Avalon, who have introduced new designs for '69. The "Spaceline" range is really great value for money. One example is—for less than £100 all the fitments for a double bedroom may be bought; these include two tallrobes (one fitted, one hanging) a top linking unit with light, fitted mirror plus a dressing table unit. There are attractive additions in their dining room and upholstery ranges, too.

Country Pine

Northovers of Reigate, Surrey, who have been selling top quality, new furniture for years, entered the manufacturing industry just over a year ago, when they introduced "Country Pine" furniture; this was created by their own team of designers. It has proved so successful that they have extended the range.

This consists of dining/living room furniture of unfussy (though not severe) line in natural wood—it is good looking as well as being tough and practical. And, although extremely well constructed, it is not in the top price bracket—in fact, it is very good value for money; price examples are—dining chair (with sculpted, solid pine back, beech frame, and top quality grained leathercloth upholstered seat) approx. £10 18s. 6d.; dining tables are under £30 whether rectangular (60×36 in.) or circular (48 in. dia.) in solid pine with beech frame. All surfaces are sealed with clear melamine to resist heat and alcohol.

If you have difficulty in finding "Country Pine", Northovers will be happy to send you full details, and names of nearest stockists.

Avant garde furniture fanciers never miss a visit to Heal's of Tottenham Court Road, when in London. Invariably they are not disappointed, and find there much that is new, not only in furniture, but artistically designed accessories for the home as well.

Around the stores

Before dismissing other London stores as being too conventional or "old hat", don't forget to have a look at Maples when in Tottenham Court Road area. Before (if you are old enough to remember) you laugh this off as being the "Great Auntie" of all furniture stores, I say "take a look". True, this store still has "Great Aunt's plush furniture" tucked away for those who have the taste to live with it, but it has really brought furnishing ideas up to date in the most practical way. Maples provide a cracking good service, too, with plenty of free advice for people like young newly-weds who have an entire home to furnish on a budget figure. **J.C.**

Avalon's "Spaceline" bedroom furniture

Max Factor's "Geminesse" look

FASHION AND BEAUTY

TOP TO TOE ELEGANCE

BY HELENA GEFFERS

Is there a new silhouette—a new line for this Spring/Summer 1969 Season? As yet —No! British manufacturers and dress designers have (basing on ideas shown by the Paris haute couture designers last July) evolved a more fitted look. To emphasise high or natural waistlines there will be belts, sashes, seaming or stitching, with bustlines high and a hint of broader shoulders; skirts may be short or just show the knees, and the "A" line of outward flaring skirts will continue.

Italy gave us our colours in May last year, and I looked back at notes made when attending M.I.T.A.M. (the Milan Exhibition held twice annually to set colour and textile trends for the following year—and attended by buyers from all over the world), recorded at Piantanida and Sisan—two of the most famous Italian textile firms.

Piantanida decided on grey, turquoise and lots of white for 1969 summer fashion colours and that navy and white would be teamed frequently with yellow. There was a further note that open-work cotton laces, flat canvas and Panama weaves would gain prominence. The decree from Sisan was that grey and coral, chocolate, white and black would vie for popularity with flamingo, rust and brick tones also—printed silk crêpes for dresses would team with matching silk chiffons for "floating" coats.

Bernasconi (another very well known Como textile firm exhibiting at M.I.T.A.M.) showed lobster-bisque, peach, apricot, sunflower, pistachio and sage.

All these collections will, undoubtedly, inspire international ready-to-wear and boutique designers with new ideas, but their fashion clothes will not be in the shops before spring.

Facing up to spring

Now is the time to take stock of ourselves and think about our make-up, skin, hands, nails,

Soft brown leather driving casuals by Scholls (65s. pr.)

feet and footwear; shoes already in the shops show latest fashion trends, and these will not change for some time.

Months before Max Factor launched "Geminesse" I was among those few people who were given an opportunity to pronounce judgment upon this new range of products—and, from personal experience, can fully endorse its attributes.

What is "Geminesse"? It is a formula evolved for a completely new beauty programme, founded on the basic skin need for moisture. "Geminesse" provides total moisture for skin care and make-up. Following an original trial treatment and make-up at Max Factor's salon in Bond Street, I found the formula highly successful, particularly when adopted for several pre-Christmas and New Year parties.

The "Geminesse" Powder Extravaganza lives up to its name; it includes five powder colours for blending, and many other products in a palette box.

Among their treatment items are Light Night Cream, Beauty Cleanser and Tonic Lotion, Throat Cream, under-make-up Moisturiser, and a refreshing Facial Mask for dry and normal skins.

This new range of products by Max Factor is now available in London and the majority of provincial stores including Fenwick of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Brights of Bournemouth and Bristol, Bonds of Norwich, Colsons of Exeter, Jenners of Edinburgh and Robinson & Cleaver Belfast. Readers who live in, or visit, London can make an appointment with Max Factor, in Bond Street, to have a "Geminesse" cleanse and make-up (which can also be a lesson) for 25s.

Soap and water

Are you a soap and water girl? If you are, then you will be in your element with the new Fresh Water Treatments by Estée Lauder. With these, those who have dry, delicate and sensitive skins can revel in the deeply satisfying refreshment of soap and water cleansing. People with oily skins will find the Almond Meal Scrub Soap excellent. They will also appreciate the non-oily, under-make-up crême.

Sensitive, or delicate skin-types will like to use the deep green gel soap Gentle Facial Shampoo.

"Gadalongs" runproof nylon sheer tights, by Morley

Kayser's one-size runproof sheer stretch stockings — worn with skirts by Gor-Ray

Facial Milk Rinse is a complementary conditioning after-rinse for all skins; it gives a protective film to the face after soap and water cleansing. Finally try the Almond Clay pack—and see the wonderful effect on your skin after only just fifteen minutes!

Beauty at your fingertips

Nails nicked, broken, scaling, splitting? Then Revlon "Wonder Nail" is for you, for it is said to contain protein that conditions, brushes on easily, and acts as a shield to weak nails. This product should improve nails, so that you use the new "Transparent Nail Enamel"—also easy to apply; it does not streak, dries evenly and it, too, protects against splitting, peeling and cracking, and is available in "Transparent" Nude Pink, Beige and Nude (at 11s.). These shades are perfect for those who like natural looking nails. "Wonder Nail" is 25s., and "Mend-A-Nail" (Revlon's new formula nail repairer) is 16s. 6d.

Quickies' nail varnish remover pads will also help to counteract cracked and broken nails. They remove old varnish rapidly, are said to have no acetone content and, therefore, non-drying and quite harmless to even the most brittle nails.

Get ahead — with a wig

Bored with your hair style? Then why not try out half a dozen new ones—in a June Perfect or Hairways Boutique at Selfridges or Swan & Edgar in London—and in the majority of Lewis's in the provinces. In these salons you can see the effect of a real hair fringe (attached to an Alice band if you wish) or Top Knot, at three guineas; a Mini Wiglet (a small "piece" to add thickness to the top of the head with a mesh base—most suitable for anyone with thinning hair)—at £5 19s. 6d.; a shortish permed clump of real hair ringlets at £7 10s., or a longer, fuller, clump for £10 10s. There are Falls, thick straight hair, 16 in. to 18 in. long (attached to an Alice band on a dome base) at £13 13s., half wigs of shortish, layered hair (also attached to an Alice band) and sold as Bandeau Wigs for £13 13s., and extra long Wigs of hand knotted hair that reaches almost to the waist at just over £28.

Almost anything in the way of fashion pieces and accessories are to be found in the June Perfect and Hairways Boutiques, including pleats (pads for filling out French pleats) for 5s. and Beehives (pads for chignons etc.) for 7s. 6d.

Do not forget that a hair-piece—wig or fall—requires the same care and attention as your own hair to keep it in good condition. One aid is Nestlé Wig Cleaner, and it is very easy to use; just spray it on from the aerosol and set the hair with rollers in the usual way. And for a really firm set use Nestlé Wig Spraze, a clear, quick drying, non-sticky spray.

Best foot forward

Put your best foot forward—and if you have a regular appointment for chiropody by a skilled Scholl expert, both feet can soon become best feet. Treatment at West End branches is £1 1s., and outside London, 15s.

If you want a really super pedicure (a beauty treatment for feet and legs) this is available from Scholl's Miss Scholl Service at 24 branches. In London this excellent foot pampering costs £1 1s., or for three pedicures, £2 2s.; and in the provinces (Birmingham, Cardiff, Liverpool, Coventry etc.), the charge is 12s. 6d., or three for as little as £1 5s. Comprehensive treatment lasts about an hour and is completed by nail-enamelling in your favourite Revlon shade, plain or frosted—and coffee is served while they are drying.

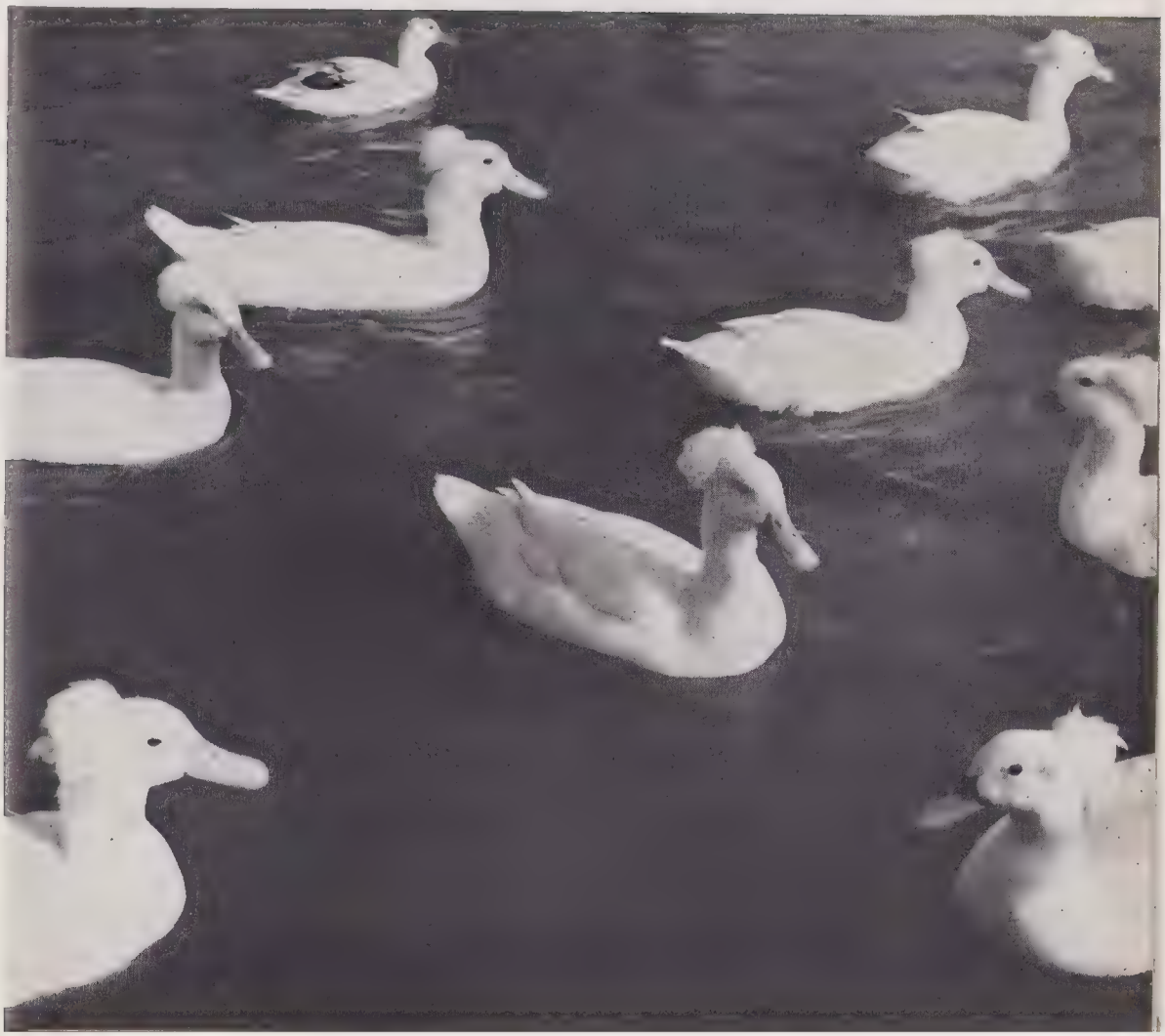
In contrast to the heavy, clumpy Autumn look for footwear, shoes for this Spring/Summer season—praise be—are lighter, prettier and more feminine. Holmes of Norwich, have developed this more delicate trend by producing higher heels and more rounded toes. There are many with sling-back heels and sandal fronts made of soft leathers in pretty pastel colours with particular accent on the fashion tones of yellow, turquoise, navy and white. Every shade of beige, brown—including the very new Copper Beech and pale neutral colours are also available.

This manufacturer has adopted ideas reminiscent of shoe design in the 'thirties and early 'fifties by introducing scroll designs on the uppers, two-colour treatments and two contrasting fabrics. This is shown particularly in their revival of "Spectator-Sports" shoes with a colour contrast, such as navy and white. Their "Flatties"—in line with the trend for a more formal, elegant and feminine look—have big buckles and wide straps.

Their collection is available at Harrods and Selfridges as well as other leading London and provincial stores and shops, in addition to their new elegant London Salon at 23 Grosvenor Street W.1.

Crowned heads of Alford duck pond

Photograph: A. SHERRARD



Little Neddy

Photograph: JANE J. MILLER

Photograph: R. G. BASSFORD

Owl and the Pussy Cat . . .

Old milepost of St. Ives, Huntingdonshire

Photographs: WILL GREEN

Bell-ringing swans of Wells, Somerset

Photograph: JANE J. MIL

Photograph: T. H. WILLIAMS

Heads or tails?

A weighty problem!

Photograph: THOMAS A. WILKIE

MOTORING

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY ARTHUR THOMPSON

I OFTEN wonder who thinks up names for new models of cars, and can imagine the chief of any design staff wincing when he hears what his Project XP101/12 is really going to be called.

I suppose the first model given an imaginative name rather than a Mark Number or identification merely by its horse-power was the Rolls Royce Silver Ghost—a name that quickly rang round the world, back in 1907 - thought up by Claude Johnson. He was, of course, the man who "made" Rolls-Royce a world-beating success, exploiting to the full the genius of Frederick Henry Royce.

This was the 40–50 Rolls Royce that kept selling for the next twenty years. The Silver Lady mascot came in 1916, from the "Spirit of Speed" by Charles Sykes, R.A. He used, as his model, I was told, Claude Johnson's young secretary who posed in a wet sheet to give the clinging effect of a discreet garment blown in the airstream.

Rolls always continued their spectral nomenclature, going on to Phantom, Wraith and even Spectre. The early "Legalimit" was an ephemeral idea of Royce's to make a car that would go everywhere at the then new legal limit of 20 m.p.h., uphill, down and on the level irrespective of load or gradient. It was not a success, although mechanically sound, with a 20 h.p. V-8 engine (even then!). The modern V-8's continue the idea of silence with the Silver Cloud and Silver Shadow, names that owe nothing to the pre-war American Reo Floating Cloud (or was it Flying Cloud?).

"Mercedes" was adopted in 1901 by the German Daimler factory to camouflage the country of origin and was adopted to cover all models.

One of the early between-the-wars names was the Riley Monaco which quickly overwhelmed the familiar "Nine". Then came a series of names from wild life: Kestrel, Falcon, Gamecock, Lynx, followed by M.P.H. and Imp—now annexed by Rootes.

A plethora of names, plain and fancy, followed through the 'thirties. Triumph, under Donald Healey's aegis, gave us the Dolomite (forestalling the Cortina) and then came up with the Gloria, named after the leading model girl of the day. It sounded a little silly even then. There was the Blue Train Rover for the model that beat the crack French express from Monte Carlo and some years later came their Meteor, for a sporting model. The M.G. Midget led to the Magnette and to the Magna, just as the Morris Minor led to the Morris Major.

The Americans adopted fancy names from early days. Remember the Mercer Raceabout, the Stutz Bearcat and the later Airflow Chrysler, streamlined like our Flying Standard? Today, of course, they are in a welter of Hollywood titles like Corvair, Corvette, Toronado, Thunderbird, Fairlane, Parisienne, Barracuda, Mustang, Impala, Eldorado, Fury, and, soon to come, no doubt, names suited to the astronautical realms and the jet-age.

Vauxhalls are traditionally alliterative, starting in the 'twenties with the Velox. Now we have Victor and Viva, and, probably, from the Alpine regions, Cresta, but where they found Ventora I cannot think.

One can see a line of thought at Dagenham leading to the Prefect and Consul but not back to the Dolomites for Cortina, omitting d'Ampezzo. And why Escort? Now they are back to Capri for their latest sporting model, reviving the name of a neat, small coupé of years ago which was dropped. Zodiac? Perhaps, having started at A with Anglia they went for the ultimate to the far end of the alphabet.

I must say I like Miura for the Lamborghini, invoking a special kind of Spanish fighting bull. Lancia's Roman names have dignity—Flavia, Fulvia and Flaminia (having already used Appia). Alfa Romeo's Giulietta is understandable if not impressive but their Duetto defeats me. Two some?

One can imagine the interminable con-

ferences when new models need new names. Ferrari, in splendid isolation, is not worried in this matter, and sticks to numerical identification that confuses my easily confusable mind, for the figures seem to bear no relation to number of cylinders, horse power or cylinder capacity (except where he used the cubic capacity of one cylinder to make it more devious).

Ettore Bugatti's string of Types (35, 35A, 40, 54, 57, 57C, 57S, 57SC and so forth) are no more illuminating unless you are an adept, but we all remember Type 41—the Royale which merited the title if ever a car did.

The name-seekers must be getting more and more hard pressed. They have ransacked the Cave of the Winds to find Mistrale (Maserati), Simoun (pre-war Voisin), Ghibli (another Maserati desert wind), Zephyr, Hurricane, and there was, of course, George Eyston's record-breaking "Speed of the Wind".

The armoury has been fruitfully raided for Scimitar, Cutlas, Rapier, Stiletto, Sabre, Arrow. Zoology was an obvious source, from which we derive, so suitably, Jaguar, supported by Vixen, Mustang, Tiger, Cougar and Falcon, as well as pre-war Hornet, Eagle and Greyhound.

Sunbeam Alpine was good, for it had associations with success in the Alpine Trial. Rootes have also had the Segrave, the Vogue (now a current Singer)—originally a body-design by dress designer Capt. Molyneux—the Husky and the somewhat coy Minx which has lived down its name, as did the Riley Elf.

But, whoever thought up the ineffable and ubiquitous "Mini"? Affectionate, diminutive, and tolerable by long usage I suppose. Ugh!

MENSWEAR

70 YEARS AHEAD

BY STEPHEN LAWRENCE

THE founders of Herbert Johnson's could hardly have predicted—when they established their business (at the suggestion of the then Prince of Wales) in 1889—that it would still be family owned in 1969. Although, in the old days they were concerned with the crowned heads of Europe, the heads of today that they measure are those of the fashion world; and now there are few independent retailers connected with fashion who have survived the post war years, let alone those who were established before the turn of the century.

Scenes and fashions may have changed, but this small, family business survives, possibly because of principles; here they really care about the quality of their merchandise and service to customers, and so, have managed to keep going despite recent eras of hatless fashion.

Herbert Johnson's partner was Edward Glazier, whose son Max now heads the company. Max Glazier runs the business with two of his nephews, John and Tim Glazier, thus family tradition prevails.

Last summer they opened a new shop in Piccadilly. This may not sound unique but, probably, it is the first new shop to be opened by an established hatters during this century.

If you have no time for hat hunting, whether you want formal, leisure, service or sports headwear, you can order by post with confidence that your request will be met with craftsman's attention. Detailed order forms are available from Herbert Johnson's, 39 Old Bond Street, London W.1. On request they will also supply you with their "Complete guide to headwear" that gives full details and illustrations of over 57 different types of headwear from the bowler and soft cap to the deer-stalker and riding hat.

The "Berwick" by Herbert Johnson is made in soft Shetland tweeds

DISCS

WAGNERIAN TRIUMPH

BY PETER SIMON

This year sees the culmination of an artistic project that has been maturing for years. It is one of Decca's greatest achievements to date and marks 1969 as a year to remember in discography. At last it is here, and if you can afford it, you will get Wagner's complete "Ring" Cycle recorded by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Georg Solti on Decca s/R 1/22.

The set of four operas devotes six sides to "Das Rheingold", 10 sides to "Die Walküre", 10 sides to "Siegfried" and 12 sides to "Gotterdammerung". In addition, five sides are devoted to an introduction to "Der Ring des Nibelungen" by Deryck Cooke with carefully selected illustrative excerpts from the complete recordings, and one side to the "Siegfried Idyll" and "Kinderkatechismus" making a grand total of 44 sides—22 long playing records.

The great Wagnerian vocal virtuosi are, of course, well represented in the major roles: Kirsten Flagstad as Fricka in Rheingold, Birgit Nilsson as Brünnhilde and Hans Hotter as Wotan in "Die Walküre". And Wolfgang Windgassen, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Joan Sutherland—but the list is endless, like the listening pleasure for the lucky purchasers.

The B.B.C. are now reviving some of the best of "Hancock", the first of the "repeats"—"The Blood Donor" having been seen on January 6th. This is generally recognised as a classic of TV comedy, and if there's anything in the Hancock canon to equal it, it is "The Radio Ham", both of which sketches are happily recorded for posterity on Marble Arch 872.

Whether you regard Tiny Tim as a big "take on" or a brilliant artiste, he has specialised in singing old-time songs. Just issued on the Reprise label is his new L.P.: "Tiny Tim's 2nd Album" (RSLP 6323) with 15 tracks. A couple of numbers from the album —"As Time Goes By" (shades of Bogart!) from the film "Casablanca", and the rock tune "Great Balls of Fire", have been issued as a "single" on RS 20802.

More on the Reprise label this month are Frank Sinatra and his chums, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jnr. Sinatra's album "Cycles" (RSLP 1027) comprises 10 very attractive tracks, including the folksy "Gentle on my Mind", which happens to be also the title tune of Martin's new disc (RSLP 6330). There's another title in Dean's 10—"By the time I get to Phoenix" duplicated on "Cycles" which exemplifies the difference in approach between these two close buddies. Sammy Davis, however, has different material, and he swings his usual dynamic way through the 10 numbers on "I gotta be Me" (RSLP 6324).

For lovers of fine prose and verse speaking, Argo offer "Hardy" two records in the "English Poets" series (RG 581/582), with selections from the works of Thomas Hardy read by Ian Holm, Richard Pasco and Barbara Jefford. For my part, even more interesting because of the wider choice are three more from the Argo stable under the generic title of "Voices" embodying a very civilised selection from a vast range of literary and musical activities. The discs are, to quote the sponsors, "*an anthology of sounds, music, song and speech*", and presented in association with Penguin Education.

This is a fair sample of the sort of thing you get on "Voices"—"Jabberwocky"; "Turf carriers on Aranmore"; "Church bells"; "Derby ram"; "Enigma Variations"; "The Hedgehog: Hedgehog sniffing and eating"; "Excerpt from the Sibelius Violin Concerto"; "A fire truck"; "The Gresford disaster"; "Wedgebury cocking"; "13 Ways of looking at a Blackbird"; "Sayings from the Northern Ice" and "Excerpt from L'Ascension (Messiaen)".

Dick Emery, the man with a thousand faces and the remarkable tenor voice, makes his Pye début this month with "If you love Her" and "Day after Day". The first title is a new song specially written for Dick by Cyril Stapleton and Ross Parker. "Day after Day" is "M'Appari" from the opera "Marta" with new lyrics and a new title—and Dick sends his voice soaring along with them (7N 17664).

TOP: "Harlequin" plant troughs by Natural Stone Prefabrications. ABOVE: Anello and Davide's mock, ornamental spurs. BELOW: Prestige spice rack. BELOW RIGHT: The new Varaflame Table Chef by Ronson

SHOP TALK

BY ZITA ALDEN

An attractive new flower and plant trough, faced with a mosaic of colourful Italian marbles, is now being produced by Natural Stone Prefabrications. Called the "Harlequin", it measures 19 in. wide × 9 in. deep × 7 in. high and is made of lightweight, precast concrete faced with marbles that have been carefully selected to give a variety of colour effects.

A range of eight marbles—white, green, purple/brown, light dove grey, dark dove grey, yellow, red and white/gold—is available to give combinations which will match in with any colour scheme or décor plan.

The "Harlequin" is sufficiently compact to stand securely on shelving; it is also suitable for porch and patio decoration (the marble facing is very hard-wearing and no cleaning other than an occasional dusting is needed). It retails at £6 14s.

If you want to give your boots an up-to-the-minute look, get a pair of mock, ornamental spurs. Designed by Marjorie Byers for Anello and Davide, they cost £1 17s. 6d. a pair in flexible, gold coloured, engraved metal, complete with black leather strap and buckle.

These are available in Anello and Davide's branch at 33 Oxford Street, or by post from them at 30–35 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2 at £2, which includes package and postage.

Italian folding chair from Gemcraft

Those small jars and packets which get "lost" behind the bigger items in the kitchen cupboard can now be kept ready to hand in a Prestige Spice Rack. The size of the rack is 11½ in. × 2⅞ in. × 2⅜ in. high and it will take various sizes of small jars and packets which are in constant use. Recommended price 6s. 9d. each.

The new Ronson Varaflame Table Chef is claimed to be able to do everything a kitchen range can do, and also have the added advantage of cooking and serving right at one's own table.

An adjustable 12-point flame allows a full range of low, medium and high temperatures to suit every need, and the flow of clean, burning Butane gas is controlled by a simple knob adjustment. The Table Chef comes complete with a giant Ronson Multifill refill and illustrated recipe book, and costs £8 9s.

Available from Gemcraft at 64 Edgware Road, London, W.1, is a cane-seated Italian folding chair, in stained beech with polyurethane finish. It comes in scarlet, orange or green, too. Price is £3 5s. (or £11 19s. for four).

For wall hanging are decorative, hand-painted Henriot plates in cockerel patterns of yellow, orange, blue and green, at 37s. There are also ladles in all colours and designs at 10s. each; fish-shaped dishes from 25s. each, and eggcups in patterned designs from 10s. 3d. each. (Not illustrated.)

The new Servica range of Bridge Crystal is being produced by Old Hall. Hand-made and hand-cut, this Stourbridge-made crystal is available in a choice of six glasses—goblet, sherry, liqueur, claret and 5 oz. and 10 oz. tumblers.

The new "hand and stand" mirror from Boots is 6 in. in diameter and one side is a magnifying glass, while the other side is plain. The stem of the mirror lifts off the base so that it can also be used as a hand mirror—particularly useful for looking at the back of the hair. Both the stem and base are decorated with attractive floral transfers.

The "hand and stand" mirror is 15s. Other items are a matching hand-painted porcelain perfume spray and powder bowl available in assorted designs at 14s. 11d. for the two.

ABOVE: Old Hall's Servica range of Bridge Crystal. BELOW: Boots' "Hand and stand" mirror, spray and bowl

BOOKS

Seven Gardens for Catherine, by James Turner (*Cassell & Co.*, 35 *Red Lion Square, London W.C.*1. 42*s.*).

JAMES Turner is a writer, a poet and a gardener and although this is an autobiography taking us from "my first garden full of radishes" up to April 1947, there is a profound and visionary attitude to life that will interest many more than garden lovers.

Like many poets, Mr. Turner is not a good business man and flowers and bankruptcy seem to go hand in hand. But with the spring Mr. Turner rises again and again.

This is an excellent and well-packed autobiography in which we meet a dozen facets of the author—poetry, humour, tenacity and passion. There is no looking back with nostalgia into the past and no blindness to to-day's world. Mr. Turner was of course the original model for the famous picture of "Bubbles" but a summing up of the man is best expressed in quoting from a poem that came as he said from his "sharpened vision" after his bankruptcy:

Where the whitethroat has nested
it is Spring. Unseen in the cool
she made her yellow nest.
Among tall nettles with their white cup flowers
she is hidden and quiet . . .

Great Gardens of the Western World, by Peter Coats (*Hamlyn Books*, 42 *The Centre, Feltham, Middlesex.* 55*s.*).

THE new imprint of this most elegant book has brought the price down to within reach of many more pockets, and for garden lovers it will now be a joy and consolation during the darkest hours before the dawn of spring.

Peter Coats has chosen 38 of the most famous gardens in Western Europe and the United States of America to illustrate changing designs in garden design from the Middle Ages up to the present day.

"The essence of garden design is the alternation of the element of expectation with the element of surprise," wrote Harold Nicolson (himself the designer of Sissinghurst, one of England's loveliest gardens) in his witty introduction to this book.

There are 40 full colour plates and some most imaginative and splendid photography.

Zoos, by Emily Hahn (*Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd.*, 14 *Carlisle St., London W.*1. 84*s.*).

A MOST comprehensive and informative study by a widely-travelled and world famous writer on zoos in Britain, France, Holland, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Russia, India, Ceylon, Australia and the United States.

Miss Hahn has surveyed the history of zoos, speculated on their future, and investigated the numerous problems that have to be dealt with by their administrators. She emphasises, too, the important role that zoos play in the preservation of many animal species which, had they not been raised in captivity, would otherwise be extinct. While not ignoring the bad points of those establishments that are not well run, she offers valid argument to those people who consider the keeping of wild animals in captivity within a zoo as cruel.

A wealth of well written material that will interest everyone who finds zoology and wildlife absorbing subjects.

Companion Guide to the West Highlands of Scotland, by W. H. Murray (*Collins*, 14 *St. James's Place, London S.W.*1. 36*s.*).

A BOOK with a threefold value. You read it for pleasure during the winter months, it is invaluable for reference on holiday; and forever after you will take it down from the shelf to help you recapture the pleasures you experienced during your visit.

Whatever your interests may be, they are catered for—Geology, History, Wild life legend, and Folklore—it is all there.

The maps of each section are clear, most of the illustrations are dramatic and there is an excellent bibliography.

Miss Weeton's Journal of a Governess (*David & Charles Ltd., South Devon House, Newton Abbot, Devon. In two volumes, 63s. each, or 105s. for the two before* 1-7-69).

THE discovery of still another volume of Miss Weeton's *Letters to Correspondents* has brought about its addition to a reprint of Miss Weeton's *Journal* originally published in two volumes in 1936 and 1939.

The books now reviewed cover the period of 1807 to 1825 and Miss Weeton is again at her most fascinating when she plays the reporter on life in the Isle of Man, Liverpool and Wigan as lived by a young governess in those far off days.

Not a particularly charming young woman, Miss Weeton is a most indefatigable one, going on lonely walks and climbs of anything up to 35 miles in a day and standing up with rod and punishment to her unruly charges.

It is not possible to like Miss Weeton but it is very easy to be intensely interested in her stormy progress with vindictive but much loved brother battening on her on one hand; disastrous marriage ruining her health; and a tenacious hold on life and letters, bringing her at long last into the world of her admired "Braithwaites, Aunt Bartons, the Pedders, and the Tom Weetons—on *equal* terms at last."

Clematis, by Stanley B. Whitehead D.Sc. (*John Gifford Ltd., 125 Charing Cross Road, London W.C.2. 25s.*).

ABOUT twelve years or so ago an American asked me to recommend a good book that he could buy, which dealt exclusively on clematis; and, after extensive enquiries, I could not name one. However, Dr. Whitehead completed one in 1959, and this has now been revised to fill a gap in many a gardener's bookshelf.

It is, probably, still the most comprehensive book on these attractive climbers, and is complete with many illustrations (some in colour) and glossary.

Dr. Whitehead has always been a keen, practical gardener and (as his work was at the mercy of my editorial pen for several years) I can confirm that he writes in an authoritative and interesting style, which is so necessary (I consider) for any gardening reference book. This one is no exception—and I hope by now that the American clematis enthusiast has discovered it.

Buying Antiques, by A.W. Coysh and J. King (*David & Charles Ltd., South Devon House, Newton Abbot, Devon*) General Guide (30*s.*) and Reference Book (45*s.*).

THESE are companion books which represent an extended version of "Buying Antiques" that was published in 1967. The former volume includes new sections on weapon, book and coin collecting, incorporated with all the subjects (furniture, silver, etc.) that appeared in the first imprint—complete with foreword by Arthur Negus.

Illustration from "Man in Motor Car" by Larry (Museum Press, 39 Parker Street, London W.C.2. 7s. 6d.) Not only Man (and Wife) motoring are in this book — there are other themes — including appropriately enough — "Man in Hospital".

The Reference Book was produced in response to many requests from collectors who read the first "Buying Antiques". It is a truly comprehensive work with most up-to-date factual information on antiques—collections, galleries, reference books and periodicals, prices and so on. A valuable asset for any collector.

The Early Horticulturists by Ronald Webber (*David & Charles Ltd., South Devon House, Newton Abbot, Devon.* 40*s.*).

FOR this book the author has collected a wealth of material on the background to horticulture in England from Tudor to Victorian times, as well as 'thumbnail' histories of horticulturists such as Tradescant, Forsyth, Rochford and Poupart—names that have become household words to many an amateur "greenfingers" or market gardener.

In addition to families of great nurserymen and seedsmen he tells us much about the early days of Covent Garden market, importation of numerous plants, their cultivation and development, the success of varieties of commercially grown fruits that are commonplace today, and many more facts. There is also a useful descriptive list of plants, giving their countries of origin.

This is very interesting reading for keen gardeners.

Small Boat to Elsinore

Roger Pilkington

In this new book, the thirteenth in the very successful "Small Boat" series, Roger Pilkington steers his now famous little ship, the "Thames Commodore", from London to Elsinore. He once again gives his readers the same mixture they have come to expect—adventure and observation, love of beauty and interest in history and legend. Ideal both for the active and the armchair waterman.

42s

Macmillan

A Little History of Exmoor

HOPE L. BOURNE

Long an Exmoor resident, the author recounts the history of this once Royal Forest from the era of megalithic stone circles until the present, a span of three thousand years. Packed with fascinating detail. Miss Bourne's previous *Living on Exmoor* received wide acclamation. Illustrated by the author. 40*s*

Provençal Sunshine

ROGER HIGHAM

For this springtime trek the author walks with knapsack and lightweight tent from Avignon to Toulon. His knack of meeting the local people enriches this enchanting travelogue. Illustrated by the author. 30*s*

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The Pennine Dales, by Arthur Raistrick (*Eyre and Spottiswood,* 11 *New Fetter Lane, London E.C.*4. 63*s.*).

I WAS enchanted with my armchair excursion to this delightful region of England in the company of Arthur Raistrick. One moves along with him through time, from the Old Stone Age, right through to the present day, tracing the history of man in these parts, and the culture that evolved around him.

I found it fascinating to be, as it were, an onlooker through all the troublesome times, to be with the Dalesfolk as they went about their daily tasks, or to be conscious of the magic and mystery of the lonely countryside with only the birds and the beasts for company.

Heart of London, photographed by Eric de Maré, foreword by William Gaunt (*B. T. Batsford Ltd.,* 4 *Fitzhardinge Street, London W.*1. 50*s.*).

THESE fine photographs of the City of Westminster are the best and most unusual record of the "heart of London" that I have yet seen.

There are of course the celebrated buildings with some splendid close-ups of sculptury, but in addition Mr. de Maré takes us to less familiar places and corners to show us façades and doorways, railings and portals of our old streets and squares.

The introduction by William Gaunt is extensive and gives many historical facts about our city.

A book for constant picking up—and certainly a book to have ready to hand when overseas visitors descend on us.

Istanbul—Aspects of a City, by Michael Pereira (*Geoffrey Bles Ltd.,* 52 *Doughty Street, London W.C.*1. 50*s.*).

I AM tempted to say that this is the best book ever written about Istanbul, but, shunning dogma, let me say that it is the best book I have read on the subject. Being a fluent speaker of Turkish, the author has entrée to the hearts and minds of the people of this great city of contrasts. He writes about what he sees, abandoning veneer, and assessing honestly the good, bad and indifferent.

"Nor is a great city easily understood, for merely to see is not to comprehend. To listen is better. To love is best of all. For that without love there can be no understanding is as true when applied to a place as a person. Phobia often makes for good wit, but one is seldom the wiser for it.

"The heart . . . the character . . . the pulse . . . how frequently are the qualities which are normally associated with man ascribed to a city. And how rightly. For cities are built of blood as well as stone. Sweat, not the wind, fashions them. And cities, like men, can die . . ."

So writes the author who divides the Golden City into regions, taking the reader with him on his walks, talks, visits and researches.

A really enthralling, intriguing and masterly book.

The New Poland, by Bernard Newman (*Robert Hale Ltd.,* 63 *Old Brompton Road, London S.W.*7. 30*s.*).

PROBABLY the last book written before he died, it proves beyond any doubt that Bernard Newman was, as has been said, a most thorough investigator, with an uncanny knack of getting on with everybody.

Poland is but one of the 60 or more countries the author visited in the last 35 years. In this book his thoroughness is very evident, his sense of humour ever present, and his quest for accuracy obvious.

It is not easy to write a complete analysis of a country from its inception, and continue, coherently and compellingly through its many wars and border changes, but Newman has done it, and done it well.

As the author of more than 100 spy stories, travel books, and serious commentaries on world affairs, he has managed to introduce into "The New Poland" a most successful melange of spy-story-cum-documentary.

The result is an exciting, valuable narrative told with ungarbled fluency.

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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Girl of the Rockies, by Joan Clark (*Odhams Books, Hamlyn House,* 42 *The Centre, Feltham, Middlesex.* 15*s.*).

HEATHER is the daughter of a game warden in one of the huge, natural parks of the Rocky Mountains of North America; she loves her homeland and all its wildlife.

One day she helps to rescue an orphaned bear cub, and is allowed to keep and look after it while it is growing. From that day on there is never a dull moment for her with Toughie—the little bear.

This is an animal adventure story for schoolgirls (particularly country-loving ones). Joan Clark, the Canadian author, who was brought up in the Rockies, knows and loves that country well and, not surprisingly, she has given her story a really convincing background.

Mr. Bear goes to Sea, by Chizuko Kuratomi (*Macdonald,* 49/50 *Poland Street, London W.*1. 18*s.*).

THIS large and splendidly illustrated book tells the story of a bear who wished to travel the world. It is for reading aloud to a child and my only criticism is that most children will want more text.

Exploring Coins, by Benjamin Patrick (*Odhams Books, Hamlyn House,* 42 *The Centre, Feltham, Middlesex.* 10*s.* 6*d.*).

THIS recent addition to the Odhams "Exploring" series comes at a time when everyone has thoughts on coins with the coming of decimal currency. Not that this book is about the new system—it is an introduction to the whole background of money—where it comes from, why it is used, designs, and many more interesting facts explained in an entertaining way.

Reading it may not turn schoolboys or girls into potential numismatists, but it will give them a lot of constructive fun. There are useful and amusing illustrations by Rowel Friers.

I-Spy books (*The Dickens Press,* 161 *Queen Victoria Street, London E.C.*4. 1*s.* 6*d. each*).

TWO new I-Spy books for children—*In the Wood* and *Trees* have just come from the Dickens Press.

These are excellent little publications, very well-illustrated with two-colour drawings. Useful for both town and country children.

PRINTS FOR PLEASURE

THIS month **"Prints for Pleasure"** (*Hamlyn Group,* 42 *The Centre, Feltham, Middlesex*) release four new prints. Initially they will be available only in the Luxury Frame series, at 8 gns. each. Shortly they may be bought also in Canvatex print form and in the Lynwood ready-framed range.

La Parisienne by Renoir is the latest and most notable new print. It is seldom seen in reproduction form, and the original hangs in the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff.

Painted in 1874, this young woman of fashion was, probably, the most modish of all Renoir's subjects and is representative of his decorative, full-coloured impressionist style. This print is 18×30 in. and, unlike the others, will be available only in Luxury Frame at 8 gns.; later it will be retailed as a mounted print at 25s. or an unmounted soft print at 16s.

Cockle Diggers by Claude Buckle, R.I., is a reproduction of a striking watercolour. Two fishermen are pictured, silhouetted against a shining expanse of seashore in the evening light; another digs in the wet sand—horses draw the carts of shell fish baskets. Print measurements are 18×24 in.

Highland Collie Dogs by Anna Zinkeisen. This is the third painting specially commissioned by Prints for Pleasure from this artist; her first (Childhood), sold over 40,000 copies in nine months, and this is expected to be equally popular. Print size is 18×24 in.

Autumn Leaves by Akos Zsoter. A woodland scene by this Hungarian modern impressionist is the second subject in the series by this artist. Its size is 18×24 in.

The range may be viewed at Prints for Pleasure's Showroom at 33 Park Lane London W.1.

ANSWERS COUNTRYWISE QUIZ

1. Cumberland (Seathwaite); 2. Larch; 3. Flash if red reveals moorhen; 4. a. Song thrush: b. robin: c. skylark; 5. Pieday when W.I. pies available; 6. By sellers of stock; 7. 1 in. to mile; 8. Chiddingstone and Selworthy; 9. with blunt curved teeth: toothed: egg-shaped; 10. Tomato.

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COMPETITIONS

Set by A. E. BAKER

Prizes will be awarded for the first correct entries checked and for the best entry in competition No. 4. If you wish to enter for more than one competition your entries may be sent in one envelope, *but each entry must be written on a separate slip of paper.* In all cases the competition number (or numbers) must be written in the envelope's top left corner. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on February 24, addressed COMPETITION, COUNTRY FAIR, 268–270 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. Solutions will be published next month and the list of winners will appear in the April issue. The Editor's decision is final.

1 DOUBLE ACROSTIC

UPRIGHTS

(dialogue between setter and solver)

"A fry-day, not Friday." "I see. But, good heavens,
The uprights are surely at sixes and sevens!
Six left, seven right—can that really be true?"
"Yes; the last light must give us its ultimate two."

LIGHTS

(5 letters each)

1. A feature of a farmyard face.
2. A member of an Eastern race . . .
3. . . . Who often may this coin expend.
4. Here drink and rest at parched trail's end.
5. Lively as lightning, dazzling, bright.
6. Attempt at something that you write.

PRIZE: six quails ready for the oven.

2 CALLING MR. PRIME

"We must meet more often, especially after I join you in retirement," said Mr. Prime to his old friend, a former classics master. "Meantime ring me when you're next in town. My number is easy to remember."

"Oh, dear, are you sure?" said the friend, "There must be a lot of figures in it."

"But only two numbers," said Mr. Prime. "One with three figures, the other with four. They're both square numbers, and the sums of their digits are the same."

"There must be dozens of four-figure squares. Even I know that."

"But this one is unique. Its four digits continuously rise."

"Like 3456?"

"Well, the digits aren't consecutive numbers. None of them are."

"More like 2468, then?"

"Yes—but no square number ends in 8."

"How interesting. And the other number?"

"If you cut off its first digit, the number that remains is the sum of two squares, one of which is my present age and the other my age when I began teaching. It's quite easy."

Rather to his own surprise, Mr. Prime's friend did find it fairly easy. What is that telephone number?

PRIZE: a bottle of sherry.

3 INDOOR GAMES

Each line below contains the jumbled names of two indoor games, with the number of letters in each name given in brackets. The games numbered first in the brackets are in alphabetical order. Three of the names each require two words (in one case hyphened).

1. COME IN AND BET A PINT (9; 8).
2. BUILDS OLD RAIL (9; 4).
3. SIAM CLUB GAINS CHOIR (5; 7, 6).
4. A COD PARKS HERE (8; 5).
5. BENNY, IF HE GRABS VEAL CHOP (8; 5-9).
6. LAD TRAINS BEST TEN (5; 5, 6).
7. HOW SIMON EDITS (8; 5).
8. ED'S RUG SHRANK TOO (8; 7).

PRIZE: a pair of secateurs.

OVERSEAS COMPETITION

TO BE CONTINUED

A series may be roughly described as a succession of numbers or other symbols having a regular relationship. Two simple examples are 1, 3, 5, 7 (consecutive odd numbers) and 1, 2, 4, 2, 3, 5, 3, 4, 6, (rising groups of three with differences of 1 and 2 respectively between the numbers in each group. Below are two rather more complicated series. Can you continue them by adding the next three figures to (*a*) and (*b*), and the next four letters to (*c*)?

(*a*) 1, 4, 27, 2, 9, 64, 3, 16, 125.
(*b*) 5, 2, 19, 8, 6, 16, 11, 18, 13.
(*c*) A, C, Z, X, B, E, Y, V, C, G, X, T.

OVERSEAS PRIZE: The closing date is April 21, the solution will be published in the May number and the name of the winner in the July number. Please choose a book reviewed or advertised in COUNTRY FAIR, *in case you are the winner, and name the title of your choice on your entry. Mark the envelope FEBRUARY OVERSEAS COMPETITION. (For readers outside the United Kingdom only.)*

(*Continued on page 87*)

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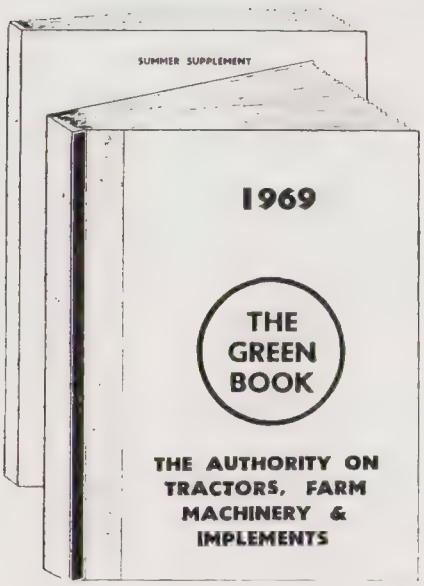

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COMPETITIONS (*continued*)

4

CHOOSE SIXTEEN

Below we give you twenty words chosen at random and having no obvious connection. We ask you to provide a connection for some of them by using any sixteen in the course of a narrative or letter not exceeding a hundred words in all. Here are the special words from which to choose:

Amble, coin, date, shipyard, bells, stable, revolting, gymnastics, grope, eggs, suppose, trip, grateful, grace, joyful, explain, party, seaside, outrageous, watch.

We make one concession: words given above in the present tense may be used in the past tense (thus "amble" may become "ambled"). The aim should be an interesting narrative in which the special words are introduced as unobtrusively as possible.

PRIZE: a book token for two guineas.

January Solutions

1. NEW YEAR REFORMS: The best entry will be published next month, with the name of the winner.

2. IN THE PANTRY: 1. Bacon, eggs, cornflakes; 2. Milk, cream, yoghurt; 3. Tea, coffee, cocoa; 4. Salt, pepper, mustard; 5. Butter, cheese, biscuits; 6. Cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon; 7. Oil, vinegar, sugar; 8. Sauce, pickles, chutney; 9. Jam, marmalade, prunes; 10. Currants, raisins, sultanas.

3. ABC TOWNS: 1. Cambridge; 2. Beaconsfield; 3. Morecambe; 4. Barnard Castle; 5. Camborne; 6. Scarborough; 7. Billericay; 8. Coatbridge; 9. Sandbach; 10. Bracknell; 11. Canterbury; 12. Ilfracombe.

4. LIVE NUMBERS: 39,856+856=40,712.

5. FIVE FROM SHAKESPEARE: Lysander, Malvolio, Roderigo, Cordelia, Hermione.

6. CROSSWORD: ACROSS: 1, Cogitate; 5, Reason; 9, Meantime; 10, Balaam; 11, Cast-offs; 12, Pilots; 13, In the pink; 18, Diagnosed; 22, Atomic; 23, Treasure; 24, Instil; 25, Mona Lisa; 26, Target; 27, Bee-eater.

DOWN: 1, Comics; 2, Grassy; 3, Tattoo; 4, Time flies; 6, Examined; 7, Slavonic; 8, Namesake; 14, Tudor Rose; 15, Idealist; 16, Carouser; 17, Infinite; 19, Palace; 20, Purist; 21, Repair.

BE OFF! (November Overseas Competition): 1. Amber, ram; 2. Badger, drag; 3, Barge, rag; 4. Basket, task; 5. Double, loud; 6. Elbow, low; 7. Embark, mark; 8. Embrace, cream; 9. Enable, lean; 10. Obscure, scour.

Prizewinners

December Competitions

1. *STRANGE CONNECTIONS:* Readers were asked to write a piece of prose which, while at first sight looking like a coherent whole, is really two passages brought together by accident with ludicrous results. A few entrants chose to write passages from famous books or from COUNTRY FAIR, but the results were not quite so successful as the pure inventions. A considerable number found an easy connection by following this pattern: ". . . our distinguished speaker this evening, a man much honoured for his literary and social work, who is now serving seven years for robbery with violence after several previous convictions." Another popular solution was to confuse farmyard and garden preparations with cooking recipes.

The prize is divided between D. W. A. Minette, 51 Brooklyn Road, Cheltenham, Glos., and Mrs. G. M. Brough, 4 Linden Way, Boston, Lincs., for the following entries:

(1) "Sylvia's eyes flashed with anger. 'If that's how you feel, you can jolly well take the consequences and stew in your own juice, to which should be added a few chopped shallots and seasoning to taste. Allow to simmer for twenty minutes together with the giblets . . '."

(2) " 'I haven't done anything yet about a wedding present for Sam and Susan,' said Jane to her husband. 'What shall we give them?' 'Give them a hot drink and put them to bed, and let Nature do the rest,' advised the doctor."

Among many entries that amused us were those from Mrs. Betty Smith, Miss S. M. Ball, K. O. Harvie, Misses R. and G. Haines, Mrs. M. A. Marsden, Mrs. E. Maxwell, Miss Mary Garnett, G. M. Bolton, Christopher Moreby, Mrs. Nancy Perry, Miss J. Atkinson, Miss M. Windham, Miss M. D. Arding.

2. *DOUBLE ACROSTIC:* K. W. Barrell, 33 Green Lane, Padgate, Warrington, Lancashire. Prize: six oven-ready quails.

3. *MERRY CHRISTMAS CARDS:* Miss M. Marsh, Woodlands Estate, Alveley, Near Bridgnorth. Prize: a bottle of sherry.

4. *ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, MINERAL:* N. C. Adamson, Marwood View, Cotherstone, Barnard Castle, Co. Durham. Prize: a selection of British cheeses.

5. *CROSSWORD:* Mrs. G. Dransfield, The Spinney, Southwater, Horsham, Sussex. Prize: a bottle of Burgundy.

October Overseas Competition

ARTIFICIAL LAKES: Dr. H. Watson, Tryproject, P.O. Mirogi, via Kish, S. Nyanza, Kenya. Prize: *The Living Village*, by Paul Jennings (Hodder & Stoughton).

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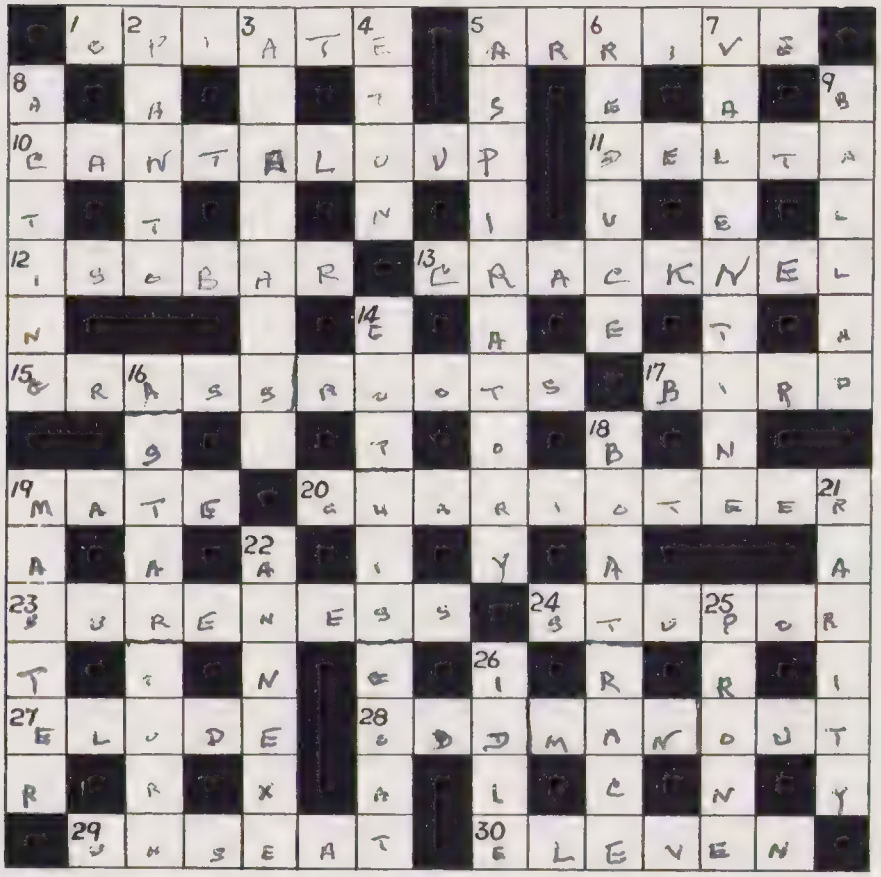
5 CROSSWORD FOR FEBRUARY



ACROSS

1. "I do 'ope 'e ate a good supper," said the Cockney. "That'll send 'im to sleep." (6).
5. A river twisted to end a journey (6).
10. Clout a pan out of shape to get this variety of fruit (9).
11. Triangular mouth as seen in Egypt (5)
12. Wild boar is a meteorological line (6).
13. Nell, we hear, after breakage, offers a biscuit (8)
15. Look below the lawn for basic things (5, 5)
17. Ha(1)nd – G(2)orse (4).
19. May be first, yet second to 19 down (4).
20. Boadicea's chauffeur? (10).
23. U.S.S.R. seen changed gives confidence (8).
24. Prout's untidy state is no condition for solving puzzles (6).
27. Avoid a duel by mixing with one different letter (5).
28. Exit singular male (3, 3, 3).
29. Pull his chair away or take his trousers? (6).
30. A cricket team containing fifty-five! (6).

DOWN

2. "Puss in Boots" cut short (5).
3. Take a couple of short steps and a long one with this foot (8).
4. Send up note for school (4).
5. Concerned about his lungs perhaps, a tory pairs by arrangement (10).
6. Get rid of a few pounds? (6).
7. Someone may send him to you about the middle of the month (9).
8. Playing a part (6).
9. But such a song is not exactly all bad (6).
14. Took a man's angora and angered him (3, 3, 4).
16. Revolution in the skies, or just an example of 8 down (1, 4, 4).
18. Mark of constrictor round Putney way a few weeks hence (4, 4).
19. The boss; on board he's the skipper (6).
21. May be an antique or a blue moon (6).
22. Something added and something taken away when Ann goes to Exeter (6).
25. Disposed to lying down (5).
26. Nothing doing; like Coleridge's painted ship (4).

PRIZE: a bottle of Burgundy (*see page 85*)

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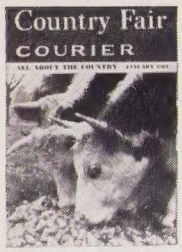

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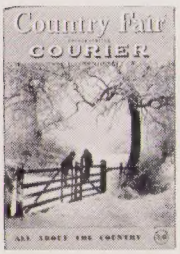

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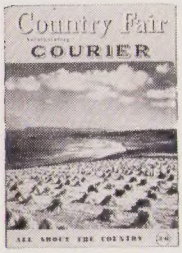

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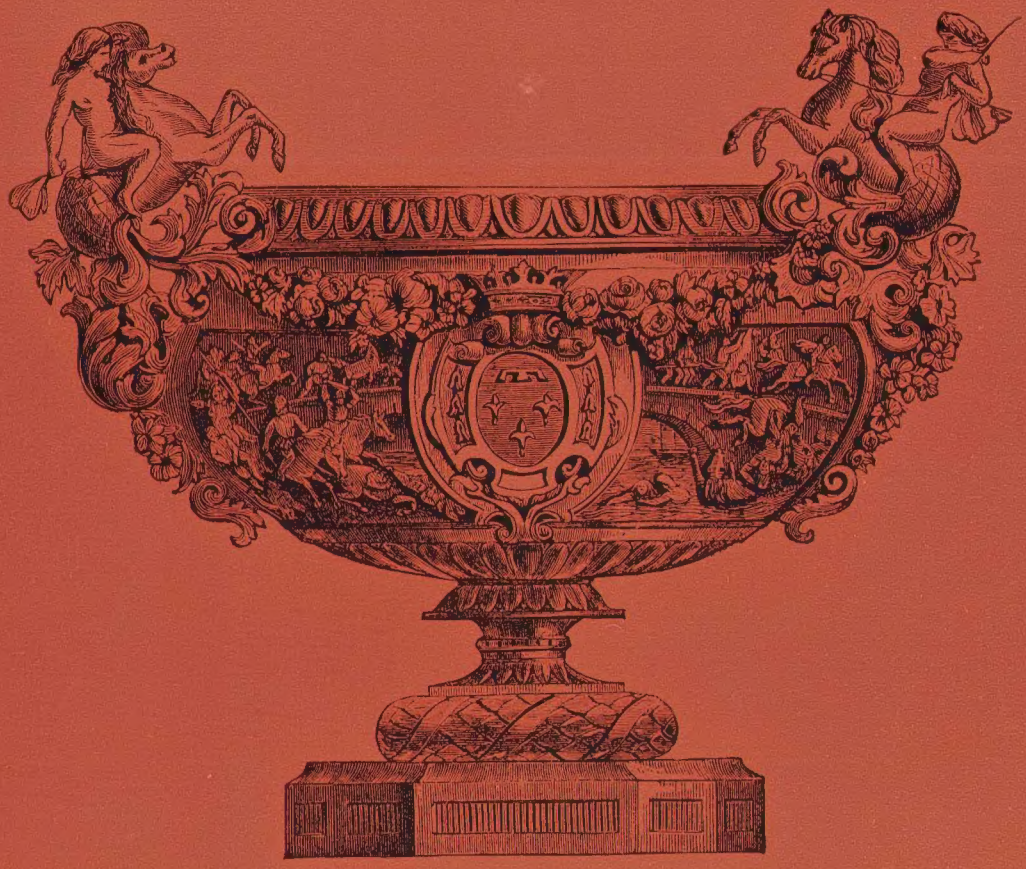

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